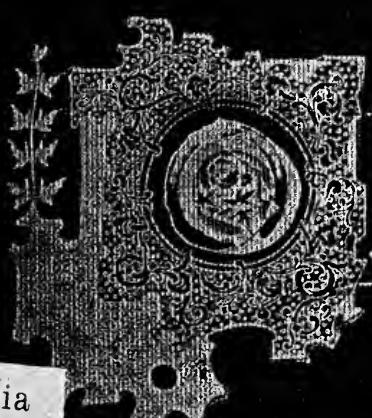


Rhyming



OAK LEAVES

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Mary Lambert



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LOS ANGELES







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California

A beautiful land arose in the West,
Like a sea nymph fair on the ocean's breast,
Beloved and caressed by the waves of peace,
That merrily sing as they leap and increase.
With balmiest air beneath the skies,
That can warm the heart and brighten the eyes,
The tropical breeze o'er the ocean blows
Its odorous breath from the land of the rose.

Above her the sky is stainless and blue
As that of Italia that poets imbue.
The bright stars look down with their crystal eyes
To mirror this land in the far away skies.
With field after field of growing grain,
With her hills and valleys, her mountains and plain,
Her cities and homes with their blooming flow'rs,
Her rivers and cliffs with their rocky tow'rs.

Her giant-like trees as sentinels stand,
The appointed of God to watch o'er His land.
Majestic as souls of the heroes old,
Their voices are heard in the breezes bold.
In paeans of gladness loud they sing,
And their mammoth arms so joyously swing,
Awaking the echoes asleep in the hills
Till turret and tower with melody thrills.

Down deep in the earth in rocky homes,
 In the ghostly gloom are her elfish gnomes;
 Away from the sun and the daylight bright,
 They merrily toil from the morn to the night;
 They merrily sing at work all day
 In their caverns deep from the world away;
 Their sun is the gold, and its shining light
 Illumines their homes with its radiance bright.

Fantastic and weird it flits about,
 All around, above, now in and then out,
 They live in the earth, in the earth grow old,
 And merrily dig for the shining gold.
 Her people are children nobly sired,
 With the full, round limbs by sculptors desired ;
 The Saxon and Celt, with the Latin and Dane,
 A people have left without blemish or stain.

The ruby red lips and dusky eyes,
 And the rich warm blood 'neath the Southern skies,
 Commingled with that of the North and East,
 Our glorious type of the West released.
 Original, free, yet gentle and wise,
 With a noble soul in their shining eyes ;
 Undaunted and fearless, yet tender and true,
 The grandest of people the world ever knew.

Oh glorious land of the blessed West !
 With a golden veil o'er thy virgin breast.
 Oh, land of the sun, of the fig and vine !
 From summits of snow to forests of pine,
 From tropical valleys broad and free,
 From trees and mounts to the placid sea.
 We love thee full well, Oh thou holy land !
 Thou "Star of the West" now shining so grand !

Oh, land of the lotus ! Land of our love !
 Who tastes of thy sweetness shall nevermore rove.
 In life and in death, to thy shores they turn;
 In life and in death, with thy love they burn.
 When years upon years, in the cycle vast,
 Shall have rolled the present down low in the past,
 When swept from the earth and by all forgot,
 Our souls shall remember this well-loved spot.



Oakland

Thou art seated in state on a bowered throne,
 That is kissed by Pacific's sea,
 Where thou watchest the ships on its bosom strown,
 As they lovingly fly to thee.
 Thou art royally decked in thy virgin mold,
 With its wrappings of emerald sheen,
 And the russet glimmers of purpling gold,
 As they stream from thy hills of green.

Oh, thou queen of a land that is strong and brave,
 Of a new and a budding world,
 Thy bright fame shall be borne on the trumpet wave,
 And thy ensign abroad unfurled !
 Thou dost blend with the oak, and the flushing rose,
 In symmetrical fervid stroke,
 All the graces and languor of love's repose,
 With the strength of the sturdy oak.

Oh, fair city of oaks, by the silver sea,
 With thy face to the Golden Gate,
 Thou dost govern with exquisite brilliancy,
 From thy throne of majestic state !

Oh, enchantress most fair ! Thou dost carve thy name
 In the pulse of each loving breast,
 Till forever it burns with thy glowing flame,
 Thou fair sorceress of the West !



Sonnet to an Oak

Forsaken oak ! Thou standest here alone !
 Forlorn ! Bereft of every kindred tree,
 An alien in the city named for thee,
 That once thy sturdy brethren called their own.
 Progression's hand regardless of thy moan,
 Has smote thee to the earth most dastardly,
 And left no trace for wondering men to see
 By what strange right we made thy name our own.
 Thy forests fell beneath destruction's wing !
 No more the lads and lasses climb the boughs
 In groves where once thou reigned a royal king !
 And listened to the rustic lover's vows.
 Ah, lonely oak ! Perchance thy gnarled breast
 Shall soon be pierced and leveled with the rest !



For Somebody's Sake

Oh ! My heart is light and gay,
 As I sing the hours away,
 And my eyes are bright, they say,
 For somebody's sake—
 For somebody's sake !

And I place a flower fair
 In the coils of my raven hair
 With a wealth of loving care,
 For somebody's sake !

I would wish for beauty's dow'r,
 With its witching, thrilling pow'r.
 Ah, I wish it every hour,
 For somebody's sake—
 For somebody's sake !

With a flushing happy face
 I arrange the dainty lace
 In soft waves of artful grace,
 For somebody's sake !

My sweet secret I would keep
 In my heart so still and deep,
 Where no prying eyes could peep,
 For somebody's sake—
 For somebody's sake !

But the tell-tale blush will rise,
 And my treasured secret flies
 Through the sparkle of my eyes,
 For somebody's sake !



A Rose

Which rose shall it be?—you ask:
 The life-tinted rose of red,
 Or, choose I the snowy white,
 With face like the pallid dead?

Oh, give me the peaceful white,
 That holds not a breath of strife!
 Its calm is much sweeter than
 The passionate rose of life.

It whispers of rest and peace,
 And glows like a blessed psalm.
 Its pinions of heaven's white
 Are steeped in a god-like calm.

The breath of the warm red rose
 Bears on its perfumed train
 Gay pleasures with phantom hate,
 And love with her sister pain.

It whispers of joy and strife,
 It gleams with the ruby's shine,
 And borrows the blood red glow
 That lurks in the madd'ning wine.

Tempestuous rose of life !
 The passionate rose of red,
 Its petals are never clasped
 In passionless hands of dead.

The tremulous rose of love
 Is not for an aching heart,
 Whose passion-burned ashes lie,
 Impervious to its dart.

Then take back the red, and give
 The rose of the dead to me,
 There's peace in its tranquil breath
 And odorous sanctity.



Trust

I know not, I ask not, the loves
 That thrilled thy heart.
 I love thee as fondly and true,
 Just as thou art.

I care not if love's coronet
 Once crowned thy brow;
 'Tis knowledge enough that I know
 You love me now.

There rises no doubt in my heart,
 Nor shade of fear,
 While in thy clear eyes I can read
 That I am dear.

A nature so pure and so true,
 Ne'er could betray;
 And over the future there shines
 Love's golden ray.

The past—we return it unto
 Oblivion's dust ;
 The present and future we greet
 With faith and trust.

A faith that grows firmer and deep
 With every breath;
 A trust that's abiding and strong,
 And lasts " 'til death."

My heart will ne'er feel a regret
 For years long past,
 Contented and happy, if you
 But love me last.



Dreams

TO MY GODCHILD, CHESTER A. DOYLE.

Full many dreams are woven
 Around thy infancy,
 Their rosy tints foretelling
 A bright futurity.

Such dreams that loving parents
 Can only dare to dream,
 Illume the misty future
 With hope's resplendent beam.

They hover o'er thy cradle
 And banish other cares ;
 They mix with every labor,
 And fill the heart with prayers.

They brighten life's best pleasures,
 And shine through troubled fears ;
 They chase the darkest shadow,
 And check the saddest tears.

Sweet dreams ! Sweet bud of promise,
 The blest first-born thou art.

Pure babe ! Pure dreams that strengthen
 And purify the heart.

Sweet child, with eyes reflecting
 Deep wells of light divine,
 Among thy wefted dreamings
 I weave this prayer of mine.

May Heaven grant fulfilment
 To all that 's wished for him,
 And manhood's full achievement
 O'erflow the topmost brim.

Through by-ways darkly tangled,
 Or high-ways gleaming far,
 May faith shine out in beauty,
 And be his guiding star !

Her loveliness entrancing,
 In splendor shining out,
 Undimmed by sinful scorning,
 Unveiled by clouding doubt !

Oh, may a lover's ardor
 Inflame his gentle breast,
 For this celestial treasure,
 His dearest, and his best !

Moon

The chiming flow of the noon bell falls
 Upon the busy air,
 In sweetest language its music calls
 The crowd to rest and pray'r.
 The tools are dropped from the toiler's hand,
 And labor's noises cease,
 While softly over the throbbing land,
 Are spread the wings of peace.
 The children rush like a swarm of bees,
 Released from irksome rule ;
 The dumb beasts craunch in contented ease
 Their dinners crisp and cool.
 From out the depths of devoted hearts
 A wreath of prayer ascends,
 To bless the toilers and busy marts
 Where faith makes full amends.
 Oh, blessed bell, there 's a magic charm
 Within thy chiming hour ;
 It blesses the toil, and the toiler's arm
 Renews with freshened power !



Hymn to the Sacred Heart

There 's a place where the weary can rest,
 Uncorroded by shackles of care,
 Where the poorest, the sad and distrest,
 Are the welcomest visitors there.
 We are called to this warm sunny fold
 From life's burdens and sorrowing smart,
 From the moorlands and drearisome wold
 To the haven of Christ's sacred heart.

“ Come to me, and I’ll give to thee rest ;”

Through the ages still calling to us,
Comes the voice of his tenderest breast,

Ever lovingly whispering thus.

Oh, dear voice, ever calling to me,

Let me taste of thy love, I implore !

In humility answering thee,

Let me dwell in thy heart evermore !

Let thy love be a magnet of flame

That will draw all my wishes to thee !

In temptations, in sorrow, and shame,

Be a merciful heart unto me !

Oh, dear heart, ever loving and just,

Teach my heart in submission to bend !

Oh, dear Jesus ! Dear heart that I trust,

Be my hope and my strength to the end !



The Angel’s Tidings

Outside of Bethlehem’s silent walls,

Beyond the sound of the sentry’s calls,

Three shepherds guarded since close of day,

The slumb’ring flocks that around them lay.

A sudden flood of supernal light

Up-startled the watchers thrilled with fright,

While lo, an angel of God appeared !

And close to the trembling shepherds neared.

“ Fear not, fear not,” said the vision fair,

“ A message of wonderful love I bear.

Fear not ! Fear not ! ’Tis without alloy,

This wond’rous tidings of greatest joy.

To every nation joy I send ;
 To every people joy extend.
 Then joyous hear, for I come to bring
 You joyful tidings of Christ, your King.

“ Forever blest is this hallowed morn,
 For know—to-day is your King new born
 Of Mary, virgin. Go, seek you them
 In David’s city of Bethlehem !
 And by this sign you may surely know
 The Saviour and King to whom you go.
 In swaddling clothes is this Christ divine,
 And cradled in manger with the kine.”

The angel ceased, and hosannas rung
 From troops celestial, who joyful sung,
 Resounding far through the earth and sky,
 Their “ Glory, glory to God on high !
 And peace to men of good will on earth ! ”
 A peace, sweet peace, with the Saviour’s birth.
 The new blest earth felt a joyous thrill,
 And a deathless peace all its pulses fill.

The shepherds rose and forgot their fears,
 Uprose in mingled delight and tears ;
 And straight to Bethlehem’s city sought
 The King whose tidings the angel brought.
 Within a manger the infant slept,
 While Mary and Joseph their vigil kept.
 These lowly men at the lowly shrine,
 In rapture adored that child divine.

Nor doubted they the incarnate Word,
 Whose royal message their ears had heard.
 The seraphim’s song their soul inspired
 With a joyous peace they long desired.

A peace new-born from the mangered throne ;
 A peace to the world undreamed, unknown.
 Sing out ye bells, in wild rapture sing
 The angel's tidings of Christ, our King !



To an Apple

Oh lovely fruit ! whose faultless beauty shines
 In perfect grace. From out thy rotund cheeks
 Is flashed the scarlet flames of ruby wines,
 Through which thy ripe skin peeps in golden streaks.
 With keen desire I wooed thy luscious heart,
 But found a horrid worm full nestled there,
 Its nauseous length entrailed thro' every part.
 My lips affrighted shrunk in sick despair,
 And, cursing, dashed the foul deceit away.
 I gazed upon the flawless treachery
 Whose tempting loveliness discarded lay ;
 Its unveiled heart a squirming mockery.
 Ah, fair deceit, that lies neglected now !
 How many forms are fair, yet false as thou !



The Heart

What fathomless caves lie hid in the heart,
 Unpierced by a daylight gleam !
 What mysteries dwell in chambers apart,
 The dearest of friends ne'er dream !
 What shadowy forms, unknown, unrevealed,
 Within its recesses dwell !
 What phantoms abide, in secrecy sealed,
 Unbroken by threat or spell !

What cankering brood of memories there,
 Oft raise their discordant din,
 In revelry through the lecherous air,
 Half hid in their cowl of sin !

What passionate loves, volcanoes of fire,
 Consuming the forms of snow !

What spasms of hate, and sordid desires,
 The nearest shall never know !

Gay laughter deceives, while inwardly bleed
 Deep wounds, with no sign to show.

Endeavor is baffled, trying to read
 The rhymes of its pulsing flow.

A smile for a smile, a sneer for a sneer,
 Unfathomed the secret sigh.

Betrayed by a kiss, repelled by a tear,
 And so, undiscerning, die !



The Wedding Ring

Tiny burnished circlet
 Of strong and shining gold,
 Binding hearts together
 With firm and gentle hold.

Gleams of heaven linger
 Within thy close embrace,
 Like an Eden's sunshine
 With smiles upon its face.

Dancing on its sunbeams
 In joyous ecstasy,
 Shapeful dreams of beauty
 The magic band sets free.

Within the charm'd circle

Of Hymen's golden ring,
 Fairy forms are dancing
 And fairy voices sing !
 Dwells therein enchantress,
 Whose potent charm and spell
 Changes earth to Heaven
 Or conjures up a Hell !
 Tiny sparkling circlet
 Of fitful destiny,
 Witching, mystic emblem
 Of veiled eternity !



A Song

There's a dear little lass that I love, that I love,
 And her eyes are as soft as the eyes of a dove.
 And I wonder the while as she warbles in glee,
 If her heart has a corner devoted to me ;
 She's as sweet as the pea,
 Or the blossoming clover
 Of the carpeted lea.
 And a bee (Ah, the prying young rover !)
 Almost stung her red lips
 In his search for a flower.
 There to revel in sips
 From its honey-sweet dower.

There's a gleam in the depths of her merry brown eyes,
 As she guesses my secret, though feigning surprise.
 Still I wonder the while as she warbles in glee,
 If her heart has a corner devoted to me ;
 She will laugh and will jest
 At my tenderest speeches,
 And if kissed or caressed,
 Of its sinfulness preaches.

But my fate I must know,
 Though she laughs at my passion ;
 If she loves me I know
 She will alter her fashion !



Thy Grave

TO KATE

I knelt beside thy grave,
 Dear friend of happy days.
 Oh ! Did'st thy spirit hover near,
 And on me, kneeling, gaze ?
 Did'st see the falling tears
 And hear the earnest pray'r ?
 And wert thou pleased that I should come
 To hold communion there ?

The clouds were dark and gray,
 All wintry was the sky,
 And round about the silent tombs
 The chill winds whistled by.
 No sound of mirth, nor song
 From bird in bush or tree ;
 The frosty breath of voiceless death,
 The wind brought back to me !

Amid this silence drear,
 Thy lonely home must be.
 Untouched the chords that once awoke
 To song and minstrelsy.
 I wandered there alone,
 And fain would gaze above
 The clouds that hid from mortal sight,
 The friend I dearly love.

It could not be. But yet,
 'Tis sweet to know and feel
 That when upon my brow is set
 Death's cold and silent seal,
 We'll meet again, dear friend,
 Where shadows dark and gray,
 Shall roll away before the sun
 Of God's eternal day !



The Berkeley Hills

'Twas æons of æons ago
 Since Heaven looked down on thy birth,
 Since ocean's residual flow
 Unveiled all the shivering earth.
 Did mortal, with pitying eye,
 Gaze out o'er a desert of land,
 Where moonbeamis slid down from the sky,
 To dance on the naked brown sand?
 Did aught that was human espy
 Thy naked and verdureless breast ?
 Or list to the infantile cry
 Of Nature's emerging unrest ?
 No strain from thy earliest days
 Floats out from the cavernous years,
 In feeblest of echoing lays,
 Assuring our questioning ears.
 We gaze on thy canyons and spires,
 All scatt'ring maturity's seeds,
 And, quivering with vitalized fires,
 Enshowered by Phoebus' steeds.
 His splintering arrows aglow
 He sends to thy leafiest hearts,
 Just glinting the canyons below—
 The foliage prlsons the darts.

Far down in the purple ravine
 The serpentine rivulets glide,
 And twine in a silvery sheen,
 Half hid in the brush-tangled side.
 Hosannas from proud antlered trees,
 And psalms from the heathery sod,
 Awake in the chorusing breeze
 The mastering presence of God !

Thy pyramids, towers and peaks,
 Like helmeted sentinels stand ;
 Luxuriant sun-setting streaks
 Empurple the turreted band.
 Light waves from the flickering day
 Roll up in a nebulous veil
 Of mist from the languorous bay,
 Enveloping summit and trail !



Thy Caressing Hands

Thou 'rt gone from me, and I must tread alone
 My life's appointed way. In light and shade
 A mem'ry lingers on, that cannot fade.

Thy tender hands that clung unto my own,
 Were mute interpreters of love's sweet tone.

I know no fear, though far beyond me strayed
 Those tender hands that once upon me laid,
 Will reach me still, and guide through paths unknown
 A mighty calm, subduing all my fears,
 Steals softly from the dark eternal vast,
 And, floating from the pierceless depths of years,
 I feel thy presence like a shadow cast,
 And oft through wild delirium of tears,
 I've felt thy hand clasp till the tempest passed !

A Rich Man's Reverie

A rich man sat beside his fire,
 And, smiling, rubbed his hands :
 "A lucky year was this for me,
 It brought me gold and lands.

"I've gold in notes, and gold in bonds,
 In bank, and mortgage, too.
 A wealthy man I sit to-night,
 With all that wealth can do !"

Then mem'ry came and held her glass
 Before the rich man's eyes,
 And pictured there he saw the past
 From deep oblivion rise.

There came a woman, young and fair,
 And child of airy grace ;
 While gazing on this youthful love,
 A smile came o'er his face.

This picture passed and then he saw
 Two coffins side by side,—
 In one his loved and only child,
 The other held his bride.

An eager, grasping man he saw
 In Mammon's busy mart,
 Whose quenchless thirst for shining gold
 Had spoiled his better part.

His fight for gold was fiercely fought,
 The vict'ry bravely won,—
 What should he care for vanquished foes,
 If fifty, or if one ?

And yet the rich man shuddered when
 He saw in mem'ry's glass,
 Strong men and women, pale and stark
 In death, before him pass !

And others came with glaring eyes,
 Their gestures strange and wild,
 The rich man shrank away from these,
 And trembled like a child.

But wilder, angrier gleamed their eyes,
 And with revenge athirst,
 They cried, "Your gold is blood!—our blood!—
 Our lives ! 'Tis curst ! accursed !"

Then mem'ry took her glass away.
 The rich man rose and sighed ;
 "Accursed gold ! how poor am I !
 So poor ! so poor !" he cried.



Autumn

The leaves are falling one by one,
 Some lie at rest beneath the sun,
 While others on the winds are borne,
 And 'neath the requiem sad and kind,
 Afar their lowly grave's they find.

The trees thus stripped, stand bare and cold,
 Their naked arms no beauty hold.
 The bird's love song no more is told ;
 They fled the touch of winter's hand,
 Bereft of all, the old trees stand.

Thus fall our hopes down one by one,
 Thus fade our joys with summer's sun,
 Thus dies our bloom, when scarce begun,
 With fragrant youth and beauty flown,
 As leafless trees we stand alone.

This season comes to ev'ry heart,
 When keenly felt is autumn's dart,
 That bids each blossom fair depart.
 But spring must surely come at last—
 Eternal spring, when winter's passed.



You

In the winds that blow from the sun-kissed South,
 I feel the breath of thy rosy mouth.
 When the roses blush as the parting sun
 Gives his farewell kiss when the day is done,
 In the petaled blush of their tinted grace,
 I can see the charms of thy flushing face.
 When the lilies smile 'neath their tears of dew,
 Thro' the crystal eyes I can gaze at you.
 I can hear thy voice thro' the forest trees,
 And it strangely floats o'er the evening breeze.
 In the ocean's roar when the storm winds blow,
 And in whispered sighs thro' the streamlets flow,
 As the currents tend to the calling sea,
 So my thoughts all glide till they're lost in thee !
 In the air and sky, in the world all through,
 I am blest with visions of you—but you !
 And the sweetest chords in an undertone,
 In a singing psalm that is all mine own,
 On a holy wave bear me upward to
 A delightful realm where there's none but you !

Ah ! Forever more my awakened soul
 Shall, a captive, kneel to thy sweet control.
 And the purity of thy soul divine
 Shall bestow its color and form to mine.
 In the morning gray, in the noonday glare,
 In the hush of night, an embodied Pray'r
 In thy form enrobed, fills my raptured view,
 Till my world's a glass that reflects but you !



My Soul and I

In the foremost rank of the hurrying crowd,
 I kept up the pace of the swift and proud.
 All my thoughts were bound to the passionate throng,
 And borne through the busiest years along.
 A most willing serf, in a slavery sweet,
 Untouched by the curse of the laggard's feet.
 Like a rainbow sun that encircles the skies,
 The future shone out thro' prismatic dyes.

By a wave of pain from the ocean of grief,
 My hopes were all stranded on sorrow's reef,
 And I watched the crowd in their hurry go by,
 While sitting alone—but my soul and I.
 For the world draws back from the tempest of tears,
 That rouses the rumbling of answering fears,
 And it turns in dread, from the harrowing moan,
 That shadows its joys with a haunting tone.

As I sat alone for a wearisome while,
 My soul looked at me with a patient smile,
 With a softened glow of such infinite grace,
 Half veiling its sorrowful, pallid face.

“ We’re alone at last ! ” was its ecstasied cry.
 “ Alone ! and together—but you and I,
 How I’ve longed for this, with such exquisite pain
 Through tedious years, till it seemed in vain !

“ ’Tis a blessed grief that relinquishes thee
 To thoughtful communion alone with me.
 You will heed me now, while together alone,
 And for past injustice, perchance atone.
 I have called in vain thro’ the hurrying years,
 Have called in a frenzy of tortured fears ;
 You were deaf to all of my agonized cries,
 And blind to the woe of my tear-stained eyes.

“ While you rushed along in your maddening race,
 With never a glance at my pleading face,
 And the mocking laugh of the phantoms that flee,
 Seemed dearer to you than a smile from me.
 The delusive glow of a languorous ease
 Deceitfully shines from your fantasies,
 But they melt away in your pitiful clasp,
 Eluding derisively every grasp.

“ You are held in thrall by this vapory crew,
 And I—am I nothing at all to you ?
 As you court the crowds of tumultuous care,
 You seem to forget I am with you there,
 And my weary voice that you scarcely can tell,
 Must die in a desolate wailing knell.
 Must it ever be undivided from you ?
 And yet have no voice in the things you do ?

“ Must I meekly yield to captivity’s chains,
 Inviting the lash of the victor’s reins ?
 And supinely follow to tyranny’s rule,
 Till I, who am master, become the tool ?

Must a master bow to a menial's control,
 Accepting the smite of the scourge as dole,
 That is tribute meet for a slave who will crawl,
 Abased, thro' the bitterest pools of gall.

“ Ah—it must not be ! for divided we die !
 But blending together—just you and I,
 In a blessed psalm all the harmonied years,
 Attuned to the music of choired spheres,
 Shall float along with such infinite zest,
 Till gathered together on Zion's breast.
 'Tis a blessed grief that has carried my cry,
 Forever uniting us—you and I ! ”

As my soul thus spoke to my innermost sense,
 Each lethargic thought was aroused and tense,
 Till the past arose in a cumulus cloud
 And hung o'er the years like the winter's shroud.
 All the harrowed years unproductive and bare,
 That blinded my eyes with their barren glare.
 And I blest the grief and the torturing sigh
 That brought us together,—my soul and I.



The Stream of Life

Murmuring, prattling, gliding along,
 Merrily splashing the rocks in the sun,
 Drops of crystal from purling rills
 To the flowing river eagerly run,
 Leaving the sylvan shady retreat,
 Seeking the river with flying feet,
 Longing to flow with the glistening throng,
 And raise their voice in jubilant song.

Splashing, dashing, rushing along,
 Joyously seeking the wonderful sea,
 Rushing onward the river goes
 To the mighty ocean, boundless and free.
 Longing to burst its narrow confines,
 Longing to greet the noisy waves,
 And join the sea that surges and raves.

 Roaring, raging, tossing aloft
 Ponderous arms in the mighty affray ;
 Rushing onward in ocean's war,
 Dash the battling waves in martial array.
 Murmuring drops from crystalline rills—
 Briniest woe each crystal heart fills.
 For captive still to fatal decree,
 They, shivering, moan in the boundless sea.



Legend of the Jessamine

All through Jerusalem's scented air,
 Blossoms just newly born,
 Sprung up luxuriant everywhere,
 E'en on Good Friday morn.

A host of beautiful flowers gaze
 Up to the morning sun,
 Unconscious that e'er its setting rays,
 Sorrow should blight each one.

The cross was raised, and the Saviour hung,
 Dying in agony,
 Until his voice, in a shiver rung,
 Echoed o'er Calvary.

The sun in terror the world forsook,
 Shocked at the Saviour's cry.

The grieving earth to its centre shook,
 Watching the Saviour die.

A midnight cloud o'er the city fell,
 Fell in a pall of dread.

The trembling earth, in a moaning knell,
 Wailed till his spirit fled.

When all was o'er and the clouds had fled, —
 Fled like a thunder's rain,
 Each bud and blossom was crushed and dead,
 Withered by fright and pain.

But one sweet flower hid its anguished heart
 Under its humid leaf,
 And softly wept at each piercing dart,—
 Wept in a silent grief.

The sad-faced jessamine's blossoms flew
 Up to the sombre light,
 Their glowing petals of pinkish hue
 Changed to a snowy white.



Give thy Love Now

In this toilsome world of pain
 There are loving hearts and true,
 But they pass through mist and rain,
 Longing for a word from you ;
 Yet, you love them well, I know—
 Why not tell them so ?

If you love them let them know;
 Let your heart in tenderness
 Through your loving language flow
 With a gentle, soft caress.
 Tell them, kissing cheek and brow,
 Tell it to them now !

Shall thy wealth of love unknown
 Waste in grieved rebuking tears
 On the chiseled icy stone
 O'er their grave in later years ?
 Bless with love their living brow,
 Give it to them now !

They won't heed your weeping love
 When they lie within the tomb,
 Where the grasses wave above,
 Through the loneliness and gloom !
 Let the joy of love's soft vow
 Make them happy now !

Do not hide sweet thoughts away,
 Teeming with affection's flame,
 Hearts are thirsting all the day,
 Craving love to breathe their name ;
 If you love them let them know,—
 Softly tell them so !

Little Things

Little things are the test of man,
 Day by day till the lengthened years
 Count us out the allotted span.

Day by day the little fears
 Raise a storm of rebellious tears.

Poets sing of heroes great,
 Weaving names in immortal song,
 Instruments in the hand of fate.

Not a line for the one gone wrong,
 Forced o'er roads that are rough and long.

Dreaming dreams that no waking brings,
 Years fly by while they hope and wait,
 Held in bond by the "little things."

Hoping on till the day grows late,
 Meeting all at the "shining gate!"

Few are kissed by a smiling fate,
 Few are marked for immortal fame.
 All can strive for a record great,
 All can carve for themselves a name,
 Traced on high with a pen of flame!

'Neath the frown of relentless fate,
 Sink not down to a coward's place!
 Duty makes all thy actions great,
 Scanning them with approving face,
 When they're done with a patient grace.

Better far than the laurel crown,
 Is the crown from the King of kings.
 Sweeter far than the earth's renown,
 Is the song that God's choir sings
 To the faithful in little things!

Weighing the Baby

I'll never forget the morning
 We weighed our baby, Ray,
 Myself and the nurse and doctor,
 While mother watched us weigh.

It glowed like a pink narcissus
 A-blooming in the glen.
 We watched till the squirming blossom
 Brought down the scale to ten !

Then mother looked up so joyful,
 And softly smiled to me.

The doctor took off his glasses,
 As proud as proud could be.
 And I was so proud and happy
 I hardly dared to speak,
 As gently I kissed its mother
 Upon her snow-white cheek.

To-day we have weighed the baby,
 Our only daughter, Ray,
 And mother and I were watching,
 Her lover stooped to weigh,
 And both of us were so happy
 To see our darling thrive,
 Real proud when the scale was tilted
 At one—and twenty-five !

A feeling of strange new sadness
 Stole over me while there,
 A loss which was felt, yet nameless,
 Would linger round the pair.
 In fancy I saw the baby
 A-wriggling to and fro,
 The same as it did that morning,
 Just twenty years ago.

“The Old, Old Story”

They kept time with their wandering feet
 To the rhymes of the musical surf,
 While the silvery moon swept too fleet
 O'er the beach and its water-soaked turf.

In the suavest of accents he told
 Of the love that illumined his heart.
 And he whispered the story so old,
 With the acme of Cupid's fine art.

Thus they wandered a fortnight or more
 In the shadowy hours of the night,
 And together discoursed of the lore,
 That is never insipid nor trite.

And they vowed as they studied the stars,
 That for life they'd be constant and true.
 In his veins was the valor of Mars
 To surmount all objections in view.

Ah, their parting was sad as could be !
 And a tempest of heart-breaking tears
 Broke the rhymes of the rythmical sea,
 Till it shrieked out its agonized fears.

It was years since they met by the sea;
 It was years since their tragic farewell.
 And they met once again by the sea,
 In the lapse of a twenty years' spell.

Still the sea sung its musical rhymes
 To the splash of its crystaline spray,
 As it had in the love-stricken times
 When they walked by the moon's fickle ray.

She had turned, half intending to flee,
 But he rushed in a boyish surprise,
 And they stood by the rythmical sea
 With a quizzical light in their eyes.

There they talked for a moment or more,
 Of the moon and malarial turf,
 And conversed in the tritest of lore,
 Of the dampness and cold of the surf.

Till he turned to a maiden and said:
 "Here's my daughter, my sweet little Pearl."
 Then she flushed up the rosiest red—
 "Mine are twins, here's the boy and the girl."



What Shall I Sing?

"Sing me a song!" Said a maiden to me,
 As I toyed with the chords in a dream.
 "Tell me," I said, "what my song is to be;
 You must choose for the singer a theme."
 Flushed as the rose on Aurora's bright wing,
 In a voice like the coo of a dove,
 Answered me low, "Let the singer then sing
 Of the wonderful power of love."

"Sing me a song!" Said a young Hercules,
 Through a mist of white ringleted smoke;
 "Choose me a theme that your fancy will please,"
 And I waited awhile ere he spoke.
 Soft was the gleam in his bonny brown eyes,
 As he gazed on the quivering rings,
 "Sing me," he said, with the faintest of sighs,
 "Of true love, as a *true* lover sings!"
 "Sing us a song!" Said a gray-headed sire,
 As he sat by the side of his dame.

“ What shall I sing?—Of the warrior’s fire,
 Till it tingles thy blood with its flame? ”
 “ Nay, not of war, nor its turbulent strife,
 But a theme that is far, far above;
 Sing,—and he stroked the white hair of his wife—
 “ Thou shalt sing us a song full of love! ”



Twilight

In the dim and misty twilight
 ’Tis sweet to sit and dream,
 ’Tis the hour to hold communion
 With souls across the stream.

They will linger in the shadows
 That follow dying day ;
 They will make us feel their presence,
 By weird and thrilling sway.

They will soothe our heart in anguish,
 And bring a peaceful calm,
 All the weary tumult ceasing
 Beneath the heav’ly balm.

Then we feel the peaceful beauty
 Of heaven, earth and sky.

Then we feel that God has made us
 For something grand and high.

And our weary, weary struggles
 All seem to flit away,
 As we sit and dream at twilight
 Beneath the shadows gray.

All the stormy, angry feelings
 That turned our thoughts away
 From our kind and heavenly Father,
 Now vanish with the day.

And from out the shadows cometh
 A peace beyond compare,
 Such a peace the heart ne'er findeth
 In worldly show and glare.

In our heart there springs a yearning
 For holy, purer things,
 And a pray'r, tho' half unconscious,
 Its healing balsam brings.

When the twilight gray has faded
 And stars are shining bright,
 We arise refreshed and strengthened,
 With heart all pure and light.

And again return to duties
 That seemed so hard to-day,
 But our twilight dream has banished
 Rebellious thoughts away.



The Passion Flower

Oh, flower lowly !
 In whispers holy,
 That speakest with a wondrous art
 Of marvels hid within thy heart ;
 Of vict'ry gained by martyr's loss,—
 The wondrous story of the cross.
 Thou breathest to the wondering air,
 The glowing truths in thy bosom fair.

Oh, glowing story !
 The Christian's glory !
 Whose nails, and wounds, and thorny crown,
 Have smoothed Jehovah's angry frown.

Reminders of a pagan past,
 The cross of Christ has overcast ;
 That tells how God's anathema broke
 Beneath the gush of the hammer's stroke !

Thou peerless flower
 Of richest dower !

The dearest legend mortal weaves,
 Is writ upon thy storied leaves;
 Is traced upon thy open heart
 In penciled gleams of matchless art !
 Thus chosen by the infinite hand
 To reign high priest of the floral band !



To Letitia

I sing of a winsome maiden,
 Warm-hearted, loyal and true,
 With tresses of amber sunshine,
 And eyes of Orient's blue.
 A face that is warm and loving,
 All flushed with modesty's glow;
 And wit that is bright and brilliant,
 Like sparkling wine in its flow.

A mouth with its trove of treasure,
 Would win a saint to consent,
 Yet pure as the flame of Vesta,
 That makes a sinner repent.
 Tho' void of all that's artful,
 She's full of womanly art,
 And teems with bewitching graces,
 That conquer every heart.

Her thoughts like the rose's dreaming,
 All glistening in showers of love,
 Are pure as the tears of crystal,
 That fall from fountains above.
 She fosters no jealous feelings,
 To blight her maidenly charms,
 But thrills with a noble purpose,
 That envy's arrow disarms.

Oh, maid of the sunny tresses,
 And eyes of Orient's blue !
 Wilt thou thro' the untried future
 Be ever as loyal and true ?
 When time with his frosty fingers
 Shall twine us garlands of snow,
 May love touch the chastened meshes,
 And leave his lingering glow !



Night

Hushed is daylight's busy hum.
 Lo, what orisoned dreams may come !
 Gliding shapes of perfumed light
 Through the vaporous, wreathèd night !
 Soft as poet's waving theme,
 Fair as opium-tinted dream,
 Plaintively their rustling wings
 Sigh in circling rings.

Through the evening's dreamy glow,
 Watching Sirius dipping low,
 Gazing on scintillant forts,
 Flashing out in the starry courts,

Whispers o'er the spirit creep,—
 Voiceless shades from the realm of sleep;
 Psychic shades of astral light,
 Born of weeping night.

Labor folds its weary hands,
 Freed awhile from their iron bands;
 In the ceremonys of night,
 Soars to spheres of celestial light.
 Parching drinks from hallowed streams
 Subtly scenting the land of dreams;
 Vital springs whose gleaming ray
 Vanishes at day !

Yet, alas ! night's starry veil
 Covers many a hidden wail;
 Falls on some who seek not sleep,
 Some that sorrow, and some that weep;
 Some that pine in solitude,
 Some that revel in boist'rous mood.
 So the undercurrents glide,
 Rippling life's still tide !



St. Mary's

To the beautiful city that nestles
 At the foot of the purple hills,
 Where the flowers like whispering spirits,
 All the quietude softly fills;
 I oft turn to the solacing shelter,
 For a respite from crowding care,
 From the world and its dizzying tumult,
 To the calm of this passive air.

In the mansions of costliest marble,
 That are marvels of sculptured art,
 There are names o'er the portals encarven,
 That are dear to my burdened heart.
 But no welcome greeting is wafted
 Through the portals of polished stone;
 There is naught but the winds as they flutter
 O'er my face in a plaintive moan.

Is it fancy? or does the wind kiss me,
 As it mournfully passes by?
 Do their voices float out in its whispers,
 With the wings of a living sigh?
 Do they send this soft calm of such sweetuess
 To my world-weary, tortured breast,
 As it passes in magical healing,
 In a wave of exquisite rest?

As I mingle again in the bustle
 Of the worrying world close by,
 I am full of a passionate yearning
 In the home of my youth to die.
 In this beautiful city, St. Mary's,
 On a sunny and cloudless day,
 On the hillside beneath the warm sunshine,
 'Tis my wish to be laid away.



The Proposal

Ah, well do I remember
 Our stroll by the stream, my dear,
 That evening in September,
 The happiest of the year!

While in the moonlight straying,
 And watching the wavelets dance,
 Some idle whispered saying
 Made both of us upward glance.

When each caught a secret rushing
 From out of the other's eyes,
 Both stood confused and flushing
 In glad and amazed surprise.

You softly whispered " Darling ! "
 And folded me to your breast.
 I flew as flies a starling
 Into its beloved nest !

Your face aglow with love-light,
 Was radiant in its bliss,
 As in the silv'ry moonlight
 You gave me your first sweet kiss.

That instant life grew dearer,
 More precious than mines of gold !
 We both felt Heaven nearer,
 That night when our love was told !

Ah, me ! the years are flitting
 Low down in the western sky,
 I wonder o'er my knitting
 If backward your thoughts will fly,

Like mine, to oft remember
 The stream and the night, my dear,
 And bless that far September,
 The happiest of the year ?



The Blue and Gray

DECORATION DAY, 1891

Two clover-strewn mounds in a graveyard lie
 'Neath a stone that tells to the passer by,
 Two brothers are resting there side by side,
 In the first full flush of their manhood's pride.

Together they lie in a peaceful rest,
 With a sabre wound in each faithful breast ;
 But one wears the blue, and his cruel scars
 Are beneath the folds of the stripes and stars.

The other is tenderly laid away
 In a worn Confederate suit of gray.
 Together opposed in the battle's gore,
 In the arms of death they're at peace once more.

Bombarding has ceased and the clouds are passed,
 That the belching cannon and mortars cast.
 Together in peace side by side they lie,
 With their faces turned to the calm, blue sky.

One mother loved both, but oh, who dare say
 That she loved him least who had died in gray ?
 Each felt he was right,—they were both so brave,
 And they lie at rest in a soldier's grave.

Espousing the cause that his heart thought right,
 Could she love him least who had lost the fight ?
 Was one to her dearer ? Ah, who can say,
 As her hot tears fall o'er the blue and gray !

The trenches that reeked with their riddled prize,
 Have been smoothed away from our sickened eyes,
 And little is left but the mem'ry now,
 And the pledge redeemed by the soldier's vow.

Their memory floats from the grief-rent years,
 And in glory shines through the mist of tears.
 Their spirits released from the azured sphere,
 In the cloud waves float till they seem quite near ;
 In shadows that startle and shrink away
 O'er the lonely graves where we bend to-day,
 Where garlands are laid on the soldier's grave,
 And our flowers strewn o'er the nation's brave.

A union of love shall be sung to-day
 As our blossoms blend o'er the blue and gray ;
 The message of love on their fragrant breath
 Shall in whispers steal through the mold of death.

The sanctified incense they gently bear,
 Shall enwrap the dead in a hallowed pray'r,
 Recorded on high by the angel's pen,
 While the blue and the gray sing a grand "Amen!"

In pity and love let us breathe a sigh
 For the nameless graves 'neath the southern sky;
 Their loneliness thrills through our hearts to-day
 As we deck the graves of the blue and gray.

The blue and gray that forgotten lie
 With their faces turned to a foreign sky ;
 A pitying tear for the noble brave
 In Confederate trench and in Union grave.

Rest, rest there in peace ! all ye martyred slain,
 Undisturbed by the phantoms of hate and pain ;
 Grim spectres that slunk from the battle's roar
 To the dismal shades of Plutonia's shore.

Together ye fell 'neath the battle's pall,
 And together still shall our blossoms fall.
 All hatreds have died with the cannon's breath,
 And the pledge of peace is the dove of Death.

One mother loves both, and oh, who shall say
 She must love him least who has died in gray?
 To-day, o'er their graves as her hot tears fall,
 Must she love him least who has lost his all?

Nay, nay ! who can sound with the subtlest art
 To the deepest depths of a mother's heart,
 While loving the blue is there one dare say
 She could turn from him in his suit of gray?

Together they crossed in the lurid air
 To the realm of death, by the bat'ry's glare ;
 And there our grand army of noble dead
 Are awaiting us with their bivouac spread.



A-dieu—“To God”

TO MISS JOSIE WOODWARD

“A-dieu !” A wave of mournful sadness
 Floats out in the wailing knell,
 But cleaves a rift of holy gladness,
 To brighten its sombre spell.

“To God ! To God !” in full completeness,
 We pledge thee in soft “A-dieu !”

“Adieu ! Adieu !”—Oh, balm of sweetness,
 Distilled from the dregs of rue !

“To God ! To God !” The bitter parting
 Is soothed by the sweet refrain;
 And breaking hearts with anguish smarting
 Can smile through their tears of pain;
 And gazing upward see the glory
 That shines through the cloud of tears,
 Where sun-wrapped angels weave life's story,
 A crown for the coming years.

Oh tender word, so fraught with sorrow,
 With passionate tears and sighs,
 Yet sweetest word that friend can borrow,
 And murmur with tear-dimmed eyes !
 Adieu ! Adieu ! May naught ere sever
 The prayer that it breathes for you.
 "To God ! To God !" Forever, ever,
 Floats out with my last Adieu !



To Florence

Little maid ! Little maid !
 Thou'rt fair as a morning in May;
 A rosebud by Phœbus caressed,
 Unfolding thy heart to his ray.
 Thou'rt fresh as the down on the breast
 Of lilies at opening of day;
 Thy presence is fragrant with love,
 As winsome and true as a dove.

Little maid ! Little maid !
 Thy soul through thy delicate face,
 Shines out with an exquisite glow,
 Like flame through a Parian vase,
 As purity's thoughts from it flow
 In flashes of luminant grace.

Impassioned and dark are thine eyes,
 Yet pure as the violet's sighs.

Little maid ! Little maid !
 'Tis not in thine hair nor thine eyes,
 The secret of power we find;
 The charm of thy loveliness lies

In all of thy graces of mind,
 And beams from thy innocent eyes
 In artless enamoring youth,
 Distilling the perfume of truth.

Little maid ! Little maid !
 No lily bells sparkling with dew,
 And trembling with kisses of night,
 Are sweeter or fairer than you.
 Sweet rosebud ! Unfolding in light,
 In promising loveliness too !
 The beauties the rosebud enclose,
 Shall beam from the heart of the rose !



The Dunce

Like a bud on a broken stem,
 A little maiden sat,
 While she studied the ragged hem
 Around the carpet mat.
 For the proud little eyelids fell
 Before the smiling school,
 And she dared not look up at Nell,
 From off the dunce's stool.

For bright Nell was a despot stern,
 And flashed an angry flame
 On the sister that would not learn,
 But sat in silent shame.
 For 'twas very vexatious that
 Of all within that school,
 It was she who the oftenest sat
 Upon the dunce's stool.

But this maid of the downcast eyes
 Was winsome, good and true,
 And the mortified tears would rise
 In spite of all she'd do;
 And she wished with a yearning heart,
 To master text and rule,
 For she longed to be wise and smart,
 And loathed the dunce's stool.

O'er her studies she sat perplexed,
 For through them all there'd be
 The refrain of the song bird's text,
 Their "*Tra la la, la le.*"
 And her lessons would always run
 Into a rippling trill,
 Like the birds of the forest spun,
 Absorbing all her will.

But she gazed in admiring pause
 Upon her sister Nell,
 Who could talk of the Solon laws,
 And how the empire fell,
 And recite with a scholar's tact,
 The way the world began,
 Not forgetting the smallest fact
 Back to the fall of man.

"Oh, I wish I was smart like Nell!"
 She often, often sighed;
 Then her head in despondence fell,
 The while she sobbed and cried.
 Then her books all aside she'd throw,
 In tearful heedless ease,
 And in glowing defiance, go
 To seek the shady trees,—

To the woods where the maples grew
In neighborly content;
Where the birds through the branches flew
In greetings exultant.
She would answer each warbler's song
In playful mimicry,
And she learned of the forest throng,
Sweet nature's symphony.

She would call to the lark and thrush,
So perfectly and clear,
They responded from out the brush,
And hastened to draw near.
They would answer each perfect note,
Like little feathered elves,
As though *she*, of the snowy throat,
Was bird, just like themselves !

She could study the mocking bird
And learn its varied trill,
And the tremolos softly heard
In plaintive whip-poor-will.
For the forest birds' symphonies
Were lessons she loved full well,
And the text from the maple trees
Oft startled sober Nell.

But the years set the captives free,
And broke the routine spell;
All the honors of high degree
Were won by honest Nell.
But no mention nor parchment prize
The little maiden won,
Tho' she laughed in glad surprise,
To think that school was done.

All the marvelous gems of thought
 To mark her brilliancy,
 Were the gems from the forest brought,—
 Her “*Tra la la, la le!*”
 And she poured out her heart in song,
 Just like a bird set free,
 And the echo was borne along,
 Awak’ning Destiny !

Till the voice of her genius flew
 Upon the waves of time,
 And the homage of nations drew
 To hear her tones sublime.
 And the text of the feathered tribe
 From out the maple trees,
 Was the text she did transcribe,
 And waft across the seas.

Of the class that was scattered far
 Through cities, seas and town,
 There rose but a single star
 Of luminous renown.
 And the strangest of all is that
 The glory of that school
 Was the scholar who oftenest sat
 Upon the dunce’s stool.



Louise (Song)

I know thy heart is mine alone,
 For love speaks forth in every tone.
 The swiftly rising flush I see,
 That tells a message dear to me.

Oh, who would think such haughty pride
 Within that gentle soul could hide?
 I thought thy words but meant to tease,
 Nor wronged thee with a doubt, Louise!
 In pain I hear the mournful knell,
 That bids to love and thee—farewell!

Louise! Louise! why grieve me so?
 And crush my heart in bitter woe!
 My every thought is but for thee,
 Louise, so false to love and me!

I know that in the scenes so gay
 Some mem'ries from the past will stray;
 Perchance regretful thoughts arise,
 And tears bedim thy lustrous eyes.
 Such moments may to thee be rife
 With pity for the shattered life,
 So coldly crushed with treach'rous ease
 By thee, my loved, my lost Louise!
 A broken life for ever more,—
 An empty shell upon the shore!



Do Not Fret

'Tis a very good rule, my man,
 As the path of your duty's trod,
 That you labor the best you can,
 And then leave all the rest to God!
 It is useless to fume and fret,
 And be gnawed by a vain regret,
 Till it spoils like a hungry moth,
 The fine web of your life's best cloth.
 Do the best you can, my man,
 And do not fret.

You can dig up the soil and plow
 By the sweat of your earnest brow ;
 You can harrow and plant and sow,
 But you never can make it grow.
 From the promise within the seed,
 You may reap but an ugly weed ;
 Yet you labored the best, my man, you can,
 And must not fret.

You must labor your very best,
 Then with God you may leave the rest ;
 He will prosper the toiler's art,
 And the work of a willing heart.
 When you sow all your daily deeds,
 As a farmer sows his seeds,
 In the very best way you can, my man,
 You need not fret !



Pretty Nell

As I went through the dell,
 One morning last May,
 There I met a fair belle
 A-walking my way.
 And we talked as we walked,
 Half earnest, half gay,
 As we went through the dell,
 One morning in May.

Oh, the birds from each tree,
 Were pouring their song !
 And we noted their glee,
 While walking along.

Till I chose to propose—
 Ah, sure was it wrong?—
 And she answered to me
 A syllable song!

Just a word, in the dell,
 One glorious day,
 From the beautiful belle
 A-walking my way!
 Oh, the bliss of that kiss
 Shall ne'er die away,
 When I won pretty Nell,
 That morning in May.

Just a word, that I heard,
 That morning in May,
 From my Nell, in the dell,
 A-walking my way!



The Accounting

There lived, not many years ago,
 A poet who would not be "slow."

His songs were many,—ev'ry one
 To love and passion gave a tongue.

He sought to carve himself a name;
 His heart, his soul, he gave to fame.

'Twas not in vain; she crowned him king,
 And o'er the earth his praises ring.

The poet died,—to reck'ning called,
 Before his judge he stood appalled.

No praises then; no loving word;
 But questions stern the poet heard:

“ I gave thee genius ! Can’t recall
Some good thou didst for great or small ?

“ One soul that’s saved ; one heart made pure ;
One weakling strengthened to endure ?

“ Much chance thou had’st. Come, tell me now
Which piece has saved a soul,—and how ?

“ Thou dost not answer,—how is this ?
No piece of thine has caused such bliss !

“ Among the lost thou’lt take thy place,
Didst not a thousand souls find grace

“ In written book or song of thine,
That ’mongst the sons of men did shine.

“ A thousand souls all hope have lost
Through works of thine,—a fearful cost !

“ Thy smoothly flowing words a crust,
Beneath which hid the demon—lust !

“ A thousand souls thou must regain,
Or get thee hence with demon train !”

“ Have mercy, thou ! ” the poet cried,
“ For fame I worked, for praise I tried ;

“ The sons of men they gave me both,
To censure them I now am loth.

“ They told me as I mounted high’r,
My pen was dipped in heav’lly fire !”

“ Ah, sinful hearts, they knew full well
Thy pen was dipped in fire of hell !

“ ’Tis justice now, no mercy pray ;
Begone ! With imps and lustful stay !”

Love

Oh, love doth wield a magic power,
Surpassing every art !

 All would know it,
 All would feel it,
 Though striving to conceal it !

Each claimant deems the dower
 The birthright of his heart !

’Tis all that life holds worth the living ;

’Tis all that ’s held in death ;—

 Life’s best pleasure,
 Death’s best measure,
 The saint and sinner’s treasure ;

The recompense worth giving .

 For mortal’s transient breath !



The Fortune

“ Tell me my fortune, please ! ”

 Said a pretty maid to me,
 Under the walnut trees,
 As we idled lazily;

Stretching a hand both slender and fair,
That I might read what was written there.

“ Fate has been good and kind,
 And a choice has given thee.
 Listen with all thy mind,
 As she pictures them to me ! ”

Deeply I gazed with studious art,
In palm as pink as the sea shell’s heart.

“ Here is a mansion grand
 In a land beside the sea,
 Proud in its queenly stand
 As a carved Euphrosyne.

Sweet is the breath of odorous air,
 That rushes up o'er the marble stair.

“ Love has no dwelling place
 In this palace by the sea;
 Gazing with shadowed face,
 Two sad eyes look out at me.

Frowningly gleam, like prisoner's bars,
 The white façades and the sculptured stars.

“ Buried beneath a smile,
 Lie the ashes of a heart,
 Wond'ring the weary while
 How it plays its empty part.

Mirrored in all so beautiful there,
 I see the tears that her lashes wear.

“ Here is a cottage plain,
 Where the clamb'ring roses cling,
 Shaking their perfumed rain
 From each flying petaled wing.

In the old oaks the robins are heard
 So loud, each leaf seems a twitt'ring bird.

“ Sweet as the scented air
 That is whispering Cupid's lore,
 Stands a young matron fair
 At the open cottage door,
 Watching a form whose hurrying pace
 Brings love's soft light to the watching face.

“ Two little eyes await,
 With impatient eagerness,

Down by the garden gate,
 For the evening's fond caress.
 Over the path they beckon and call,
 And love's sweet happiness shelters all.

“ Fortune has traced for me,
 In thy penciled palm so true,
 Shapes of thy destiny
 That are in thy fortunes two.”
 Pressing the hand that lay in mine,—
 “ Now tell which one wilt thou choose for thine ? ”
 Into the eyes of blue,
 Stole a shade of deep unrest;
 Up from the heart so true,
 Soared the whisper, “ Love is best ! ”
 Smiling, she said with face all aglow—
 “ I'm glad that my fortune was told me so.”



Memories

A myriad host from their chamber barred,
 Defyingly rush past their startled guard,
 Aroused by the voice of a buried theme,
 Or woke by a hand from a broken dream;
 They come in the night of our loneliness,
 With curses that scorch or with smiles that bless.

The touch of a hand that is cold and still,
 Has power to rouse a responsive thrill.
 An innocent smile, or a saddened tear,
 Will call up a joy or a shadowed fear,
 And in the still watch of a night alone
 We linger with forms to the world unknown.

The passionate kiss of a love once known,
 In memory lives when the love has flown.
 Though whispering a bliss, or a moaned regret,
 Once touched by its breath, we can ne'er forget;
 And whether it be for our woe or weal,
 That kiss shall forever be mem'ry's seal.

We dwell with the loves of a bygone past,
 Perchance by the clouds of a hate o'ercast,
 Yet who would refuse the resplendent dyes,
 That flash from the depths of mem'ry's eyes ?
 Or barter the joys of a vanished tone,
 That memory whispers to us alone ?



Hymn to St. Joseph

Oh, blessed St. Joseph !
 Kind patron of youth,
 And pattern paternal
 Of wisdom and truth,
 We humbly beseech thee,
 Look tenderly down,
 And bless with thy favor
 This amaranth crown.

Thou chosen of David,
 Whose blossoming rod
 Miraculous proved thee
 Predestined of God ;
 Our lady's protector
 And virginal spouse,
 Pure guardian trusted
 With purity's vows.

The Bethlehem's manger
 Thy gentle hands pressed,
 And fashioned the Saviour
 A cradle of rest.

Low brushed in thy worship
 By angel's soft wings,
 More blessed than the angels,
 More favored than kings.

Wise refuge that guided
 From treachery's blight,
 The babe and its mother
 Through Egypt's sad flight.
 Most favored of parents !
 By Heaven's decree
 A God in subjection,
 Relying on thee !

Thrice blest thy commission
 Of teacher most mild,
 Adoring instructor
 Of Israel's child !
 Thy name shall forever
 With Mary's entwine,
 And blend with the splendor
 Of Jesus divine !

Oh, teach us to worship
 The Saviour divine,
 With tender devotion
 As faithful as thine !
 Like thee may we pillow
 Our head on his breast,
 Life's mission completed,
 Dissolving in rest !

Failure

Disheartened soul, arise ! Why grieveſt thou ?
 Miscarried ſchemes and plans, ſo fraught with woe,
 Serve purposes that God alone doth know.
 A hidden strength rests on thy ſmitèd brow ;
 Then ſwift respond, nor weakly falter now.
 To ceaſe all ſtruggle in despairing throe,
 Is to relinquiſh God, thy crown forego !
 Up ! Up, brave heart, and though afflictions bow
 Thy ſoul unto the dust, endure for this !
 Despair thou not with ſacrilegious thought,
 Because thy heart's ambitions go amiss.
 Each battled failure shines a brilliant gem
 Within the crucible of ſuffering wrought,
 Each needful for the victor's diadem.



Faith is Best

Ah, there's much we'd like to know
 Of things beyond our learning,
 How we came, and whence we go,
 And ſhall there be returning ?
 Shall we meet loved friends at laſt—
 When death is paſt ?

There are ſages wise, deployed,
 To prove the Bible ſtory
 But a myth to be destroyed,
 And offer us the history
 Of the "evolution" cry,
 To faith supply !

Thus they ſweep old truths away
 And modern fancies give us,

While they take our prop and stay,
 All weak and helpless leave us
 In the shoreless sea of doubt,
 To float about !

' Tis unwise to doubt and fear,
 To search in useless seeking !
 Let's believe the word we've here,
 Our vain endeavor ceasing.
 It brings naught but dire unrest !
 Ah, faith is best !



My Love and I

We loved each other, my love and I,
 In greeting smiles and the parting sigh.
 We watched the days drag slowly by,
 And eagerly watched for the wonderful one,
 Whose magical hours would merrily run
 Beneath a never setting sun.

Oh, happy we, when it came at last,
 And Hymen's chain bound us close and fast !
 We kissed the fetters round us cast,
 And vowed we would rather be bonded than free.
 I was his, he lived but for me,
 Oh, chain of sweetest slavery !

Our days ran on in the golden light,
 And every one was serene and bright,
 From months to years unclouded quite,
 Until we grew tired,—then our world seemed so
 small—

How could we have thought 'twas happy at all ?
 Oh, bitter chain then steeped in gall !

We grew tired of days that were dull and gray,
 That came and went in the self same way,
 And left us naught to tell or say.

We grew tired of each other and flew from our nest;
 Society's hands we clasped and carest,—
 Through merry pathways gaily prest,—

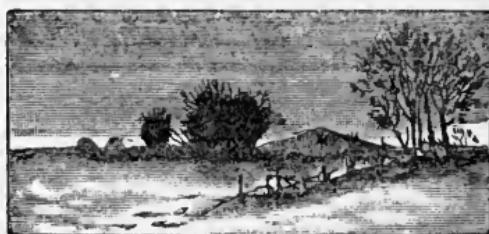
Until one day in the giddy whirl,
 Misfortune came, like an ugly churl,
 To round us both his lash unfurl.

We called to our friends, but as lightning they sped,
 Nor stopped in their flight, but onward they fled,
 As if pursued by a spectre dread.

Our hearts were sore in their aching pain,
 And life was drenched in a bitter rain,
 My love and I alone again;
 Together alone in that terrible hour,
 We bravely endured the pitiless show'r,
 And love resumed its glowing pow'r.

We homeward turned to our cosy nest,
 And never yearned for the truant guest,
 But dearly prized its tranquil rest.

Oh, warm are our hearts, and contented are we !
 The furnace of pain all our follies set free,
 And closer bound my love to me.



A Bell

There's a bell in heaven rings,
 In the twilight, soft and gray;
 To and fro it gently swings,
 As the daylight fades away.
 From its heart sweet music rolls,
 As it softly swings and tolls.
 We can hear the wondrous rhymes
 Of the twilight's floating chimes,
 In the rythmed spell
 Of the twilight bell.

If we banish from our heart
 All the hatred, grief and strife,
 And the wicked passions part
 From the pulses of our life,
 For it cannot enter in
 To a heart, defiled with sin.
 So we hearken oft in vain,
 For the legend's mystic strain
 In the swaying swell
 Of the angel's bell.



Legend of the Moss Rose

In the shade of a lovely rose
 An angel stopped to rest,
 As he sank in a sweet repose,
 His wings about him pressed.

All the buds and the roses bent
 To shade his sleeping eyes,
 And their odorous hearts were blent
 In sweet perfuming sighs.

When the beautiful sleeper woke,
 He blessed the blooming tree.
 " For the shade," thus the angel spoke,
 " And fragrance shed o'er me,
 " I will grant thee a gift, fair tree,
 To bless the love thou'st shown ! "
 And it cried, " Let thy gift then be
 A charm no rose has known ! "
 But he stood at a seeming loss
 For something strange and new,
 Till espying some lovely moss,
 All moist with trembling dew.
 So he gathered the lovely green,
 And closely round them pressed.
 And the fairest of roses seen
 Is that by the angel dressed.



A Rainy Day

Oh, the dreary, dreary sway
 Of a weary rainy day !
 Like a fun'ral sad and slow,
 All its mournful hours go.
 While a creepy sadness sits,
 And beside us closely flits,
 Till our spirit broods and grieves
 With the symphony it weaves
 On a rainy day.

Through the veil of falling rain,
 As it raps the window pane,
 There's a tall denuded tree,
 And it seems to nod to me,

As it shakes the stormy drops
 From its branches' polished tops.
 'Tis a skeleton that moans,
 As it waves its naked bones
 On this rainy day.

Oh, the dreary, dreary sway
 Of a weary rainy day !
 When we count its minor strain
 By the beating of the rain.
 But the rain must quicken all,
 Over every heart must fall,
 Till it blossoms forth again
 From the loneliness and pain
 Of a rainy day.



Divorced

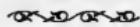
My life in its radiant beauty
 Has been struck by the blighter's hand:
 The plague-laden demon who scatters
 Its poisonous germs o'er the land.
 'Tis stalking about like a monster,
 To revel in fiendish glee ;
 Through surfeit of ghoulish feasting,
 Exulting new horrors to see.

Draw closer, my babies, around me !
 Let me feel thy pure breaths on my brow.
 Oh, darlings, my darlings, enfold me,
 Thy presence shall strengthen me now !
 Alas, I am weak, and so helpless
 To keep the gaunt wolf from the door,
 Oh, my darlings, my babies, now help me,
 And bring comfort in sweet baby lore.

No father to care for thee, babies,
 With a love that is tender and strong !
 No father to guide thy young footsteps,
 And save thee from sin and from wrong !
 Alone ye are left in your childhood
 To battle with want and disgrace ;
 Of thy birthright despoiled and defrauded,
 For the smiles of a beautiful face.

A pitiless Circè has won him,
 And bewitched with her passionate song ;
 His promise, his vows are all broken,
 I thought so enduring and strong.
 Ah, surely, remorse must o'ertake him,
 When idly he muses alone !
 A vision from the past must affront him
 From the ashes of *our* ruined home !

Oh, dark is the future before me,
 That was once so resplendent with light !
 And blindly I grope in the darkness,
 My daylight eclipsed into night.
 My darlings, my babies, come closer,
 And save me from death and despair !
 With thy innocent faces around me,
 O'er my soul comes the calmness of prayer !



No ! Ask Me Not

No ! ask me not to join the gay and happy throng ;
 The darker hours of solitude more fitting are
 For one whose ears are sadly tuned to grief's dull song.
 I would not be a death's head at your feast,
 Nor tinge your joy with sorrow's sombre hue.
 The seal of pain upon my weary eyes is pressed,—
 I would not cast its darkening gloom o'er you !

No ! bid me not to drown my woe in pleasure's stream,
 Nor seek oblivion 'mid thy gay and joyous mirth !
 Like Dead Sea air, my presence holds a blighting doom,
 Before my chilling breath no flowers of joy have birth ;—
 Then ask me not to join thy gay and merry throng.
 Oh, leave me, 'til the poisoned sting of sorrow's spent,—
 A painful solace runs through grief's sad song !



Fire-Light Fancies

I sit alone by the fire to-night,
 And watch the castles of glowing light,
 Watching the pictures come and go
 In the fire's ruddy glow ;
 Watching the shadows rise and fall,
 And fitfully flicker over the wall.
 In the gleam of the fire-light bright,
 Bright dreams of the past arise to-night;
 Bright dreams that come when my heart is sad,
 With joyous visions to make me glad;
 Dreams that will stay through storm and strife,
 Silvery linings of my life;
 Shadows that gather, rise and fall,
 Enfolding my heart in funeral pall,
 All flee from the light of memory's dreams,
 And vanish beneath her silv'ry beams.

A mystic spell from the glowing coals,
 Its magic fancy around me rolls;
 Shadowy forms flit to and fro
 In the fire's illusive glow;
 Faces and forms of loved ones dear,
 And shadowy voices whispering near;

In the gleam of the fire-light bright,
 The dreams of my youth return to-night;
 My blissful dreams, all too bright to last !
 My shattered dreams and hopes long past,
 Dead—as the fire that burned so bright;
 Naught but ashes remain to-night !
 Shadows of midnight around me creep,
 And gloomy phantoms my vigil keep.
 Gone are castles of glowing light;—
 There's naught but the ashes left to-night.



Fate

Dost weep because thy life is lone,
 And summer days are long ?
 Because thy dreary pathway leads
 Away from love and song ?
 Dost sigh because unfilled desires
 Are burning out thy heart ?
 Because thy brightest, fondest dreams
 With vanished years depart ?
 Before the grim, stern face of fate,
 None pass unscathed, or free;
 For sorrow, pain, or gnawing grief,
 To each she doth decree.
 The sweetest gifts, the favored taste,
 Are mixed with tears of brine,
 And panther shadows crouch and hide
 Within the limpid wine.
 She mixes all her sweetest joys
 At founts of living pain,
 And from the sky of summer's bliss
 She sends the winter's rain.

Then cease thy useless murmurings,
 And quench thy idle fears,
 Some lives are doomed to loneliness,
 And some are doomed to tears !



Only a Word

Only a harsh, and an angry word,
 Hastily uttered and painfully heard,
 Leaving its bitter and stinging smart
 In a tender and loving heart.

Only a glance and a scornful frown
 Piercing the brain like a thorny crown,
 Gloomily nurtured, till each sad heart
 Slowly but surely drifteth apart.

Slowly but surely drift away,
 Treading the path of an unknown day ;
 Bitterly facing the blinding rain,
 Life can ne'er be the same again.

Only a word ! but the trusting heart,
 Quivering, burns 'neath the fiery dart ;
 Only a frown, and the world of pain
 Circles a heart with its galling chain.

Powerful Titans, whose hateful art
 Breaketh the bonds of love apart ;
 Stealthily toiling, till day by day,
 Hearts that have loved, are drifted away.

Drifted away, in the world of pain,
 Blossoms of love shall not bloom again ;
 Drifted away, and the weary years
 Drowned in a passion of remorseful tears.

The Christening of the Marechal Niel Rose

The sound of martial troopers
 Throughout the village rang,
 And loud the veteran legions
 Their song of glory sang.
 The deadly war was ended,
 And France had stood the test,
 Her warriors home returning
 With vict'ry on each crest.

As cheers and salutations
 The smiling victors greet,
 The scars and wounds all vanish
 On wings of incense sweet.
 From out the crowd a peasant
 Before the general stands,
 And to the noble hero
 A floral basket hands.

And bending o'er the flowers,
 He hides the tears that steal,
 As swells the ringing chorus—
 “God bless our General Niel !”
 He saved from Flora’s treasures
 One virgin budding gem,
 With tiny living rootlets
 Attached unto its stem.

With gentle care ’twas nurtured
 And tended day by day,
 Until its bloom proclaimed it
 A queen by beauty’s sway.
 ’Twas brought, this queen of roses,
 To her of women queen ;
 She kissed the glowing petals
 Of lemon-tinted sheen.

It lay upon the bosom
 Of France's noblest dame,
 Who, turning, asked the hero
 Her peerless rival's name ;
 " 'Tis nameless, gracious lady ;
 The first that Paris grows ! "
 " Then I will be the sponsor
 For this, thy foundling rose ! "
 And raising high her jeweled hand :
 " All hear, my vassals leal,
 This rose and thou forever,
 Be known as Marechal Niel ! "
 Thus fair Eugenia gave us,
 While flashed her merry glance,
 The queen rose of the roses,
 And Marechal Niel of France.



Longfellow

Immortal bard ! We hail thee as our own,
 And glory in the deathless gift of thine,
 That placed thee 'mid the chosen few divine,
 Who stand within the circle of God's throne,
 Perpetuating Heaven's sweetest tone.
 That calmly grand majestic voice of thine
 Floats down the years unbroken, strong and fine,
 Revealing blessed visions thou hast known,
 To bless and elevate the human race.
 Thou did'st not, selfish, in thy heart immure
 Thy tenderness, but gave with Christ-like grace,
 Thy human sympathies, to raise and lure
 All men to lift to God a reverent face.
 Thy faith shall make thy songs and thee endure.

Not for Ourselves Alone

The strifes and toils, and burdens of life,
 That we carry day by day,
 Freighted with care, with sorrows rife,
 Through the lengthened weary way,
 Are not for ourselves alone.

Oh, not for self the passionate tears
 In a scorching river glide,
 Burying joy in waves of fears,
 Like a molten lava tide ;—
 They're not for ourselves alone.

The sighs and pray'rs, and sacrifice rent
 On our altared shrines each day,—
 Suppliant words intensely sent,
 As we humbly kneel to pray,—
 Are not for ourselves alone.

The birds that build the cosiest nest,
 While they, twitt'ring, chirp and sing,
 Rear as they toil a place of rest
 For the progeny they bring,—
 And not for themselves alone.

The flocks of sheep their covering fleece
 To their masters gently yield;
 Under the shears in patient peace,
 They are meekly shorn of shield,—
 That's not for themselves alone.

' Tis not for self, the legions of life,
 That abound in earth and sea,
 Peopling the world with busy strife,
 They fulfill the destiny,—
 That's not for themselves alone.

Oh, not for self, our wandering days
 On this busy earth are spent.
 Love through the misty veil of haze,
 Like a Polar star, is sent,—
 But not for ourselves alone.



A Footstep

'Tis but a footprint, gentle, firm,
 No music's half so dear.
 My heart responds with gladsome joy
 Whenever it draws near.
 And when unto my listening ear
 There comes that welcome sound,
 The gath'ring shadows flit away,
 And sunshine wraps me round.
 Sometimes when darkening thought will fill
 My soul with gloom and fear,
 No fate seems hard,—no sorrow dark,—
 When I that footprint hear.
 Oh, dearest sound on earth to me,
 My watching ears to greet,
 My pulses throb responsive to
 The music of thy feet !



Baby is Drifting Away

ULLABYE SONG

Bye-a-bye ! Lul-la-bye !
 Baby is drifting away !
 Out of the day-land,
 Into the dream-land,

Baby is drifting away !
 On the soft wings of mother's song,
 Baby is floating along,
 Floating away from me,
 Over the dream-land sea !

Hush-a-bye ! Lul-la-bye !
 Slowly the curtain lids close,
 Shutting the daylight
 Out from the dreamlight,
 Flushed with the tints of the rose !
 Drowsily borne, by crooning low,
 Out from the mother's arms go
 Nestling upon her breast,
 Floats to the land of rest !

Rock-a-bye ! Lul-la-bye !
 Baby is drifting away !
 Out of the child life,
 Into the real life,
 Baby is drifting away !
 Slowly the baby drifts along,
 Far from the lullabye song,
 Into the land of care,
 Mother love knows not where !

Lul-la-bye ! Lul-la-bye !
 Baby is drifting away !
 Out of the meadows,
 Into the shadows,
 Further from mother each day !
 Still shall the song now sung for thee
 Sweetest of memories be !
 Deep in thy heart shall lie
 Mother's soft lullabye !

Beside the Sea

I stood beside the Golden Gate,
 And gazed on the glistening waves,
 That rushed to kiss the western sun,
 Low drooped o'er their mystical caves.

A mist of tears bedimmed my eyes,
 Renewing the pain in my heart;
 I, too, had crossed the "Golden Gate,"
 And watched fond illusions depart;

Had rushed with hopeful eagerness,
 As rush the voluptuous waves,
 To find in the golden god's embrace,
 Fruition that vanity craves.

In eager joyousness I laid
 My life at the radiant shrine,
 Nor trembled when the golden bars
 Shut out all the love that was mine.

The glitt'ring fetters round me coil,
 Imprisoning me closer each day,
 And from the burning, fetid breath
 I turn me in loathing away.

I turn, as turns a soul that's lost,
 From horrible visions aside,
 To quench in tears of fierce despair,
 The fires of ambition and pride.

I gazed beyond the Golden Gate,
 Far out o'er the glistening sea,
 While ocean's requiem mournfully fell
 O'er hopes that are buried from me!

The Twins

MONICA AND VERONICA

Two sunbeams were changed to angels of light,
 And earthward descended together:
 Two fair little maids as airy and bright
 As elfins that dance on the heather: .
 Two fair little heads with tresses of gold,
 Reflecting an aureole splendor;
 Twin sisters of love from heaven's own fold,
 With hearts that are loving and tender.

Fair Monica's brow is earnest and grave,
 And life is a serious matter;
 Veronica makes each heart but a slave,
 Enchained by her innocent chatter;
 The fathomless depths of Monica's eyes,
 A studious wonder revealing,
 As if thro' her soul God's whispering flies,
 Its melody out to us stealing.

Veronica's eyes are sparkling with glee,
 And life is a garden of pleasure;
 She sips all its sweets, a rollicking bee,
 Determined to have her full measure.
 Ah, who can divine the serious dart,
 That lies in the azureine fountains,
 Or reckon the strength within the gay heart,
 To carry her over life's mountains ?

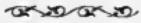
Supreme is the sway of little coquette,
 All hearts to her slavery bowing,
 And dearly beloved the serious pet,
 Her gentle dominion avowing.
 Twin fairies of love, may angels divine
 Preserve thy celestial beauty,
 And set, like a star, all charms that are thine,
 To shine o'er the pathway of duty !

Christmas Tide

Unhappy? No! These tears? Ah, Reuben!
 Do not grieve, tho' I pain you so!
 For all day long my fancy's rambling
 With the memories of long ago.
 And from their tomb I've drawn these relics,
 That have lived through the dying years,
 And, yes, the faded fabrics showered
 With a foolish old woman's tears!
 Ah, nay, do not look sad, my Reuben!
 Though I wept, I am happy, dear,
 For all day long bright Lou and Walter,
 And my golden-haired Belle, were here.
 Perhaps 'tis only doting fancy,
 But I've dreamed that they came to me;
 I heard their old-time childish chatter,
 As they gathered around my knee.
 You smile and chide my rambling fancies,
 But your eyes have grown dimmer, too,
 And veil your words of gentle chiding
 With the mist of the heart's soft dew.
 You truly say, all sombre dreaming
 Is unmeet for a night like this,
 And bid me turn in prayerful praises
 To the thought of to-morrow's bliss.
 When once again the house shall echo
 With the voices of children dear,
 Our aged hearts their youth renewing
 In the joy of our Christmas cheer.
 Ah, yes, I've much—aye much—for praises,
 And my heart is contented, too,
 And true to John, to Will, and Mary,
 And as proud of them all as you.

But bearded Will seems half a stranger,—
 I oft wonder can he be mine ;
 His high-bred wife is like a goddess,
 To be worshipped in awe divine.
 And thoughtful John, so wise and honored,
 Is your pride and your dearest joy;
 But I can hardly trace a likeness
 To the face of my baby boy.

Another claims our daughter Mary,—
 I'm not jealous; it should be so ;
 Yet sadly miss the dear companion,
 And devotion I used to know.
 And she, our tender, loving daughter
 Is a queen in the halls of fame ;
 Her kiss is warm, her heart is loyal,
 But somehow she is not the same,
 Ah, yes, I'll laugh and beam to-morrow
 In the joys of the Christmas tide !
 My heart expand with joyous greetings
 In the glow of a mother's pride.
 But for to-day I'm dreaming, Reuben,
 And the fancy will not depart ;
 The children, dear, who died in childhood,
 Seem much nearer unto my heart.



Three Letters

I.—MARRIAGE

From out the midst of old-time souvenirs,
 Three faded letters thrilled me with their touch,
 Conjuring from the vault of buried years,
 A friend whom once I loved and honored much.

The while I traced her words of tender grace,
 Methought I saw two eyes of dreamy gray,—
 Twin stars that beamed from out a peach-blow face,
 And crowned a form like sculptured Euterpe.
 Her letter burned with love's impassioned strain,
 Its time and tune a merry rondelay.
 The dimpling, flushing face untouched by pain,
 Arose in girlish beauty, as that day
 When full of joyous hope and rosy life,
 She wrote to say that soon she'd be a wife.

I I.—DESERTION

A few short years ! But oh, the scorching pain,
 That swept o'er life its desolating blast !
 A wailing dirge floats out its sad refrain
 From every line that chronicles the past;
 A pallid face with tearless, haunting eyes,
 Looks up at me from out the mournful page,
 With frozen lids upraised in wan surprise,
 By sorrow's alchemy transformed to age.
 She pierced the rosy clouds that veiled her dreams,—
 Alas, no golden bridgeway sparkled there,
 O'er which to reach Elysium's promised streams !
 In emptiness she breathed the Dead Sea air,
 And crouching heaped its ashes o'er her life
 And blighted hopes,—a sad deserted wife !

I I I.—DEATH

As when a sudden ringing in the ears
 Suggests the toll of passing fun'ral bell,
 This bordered letter roused recoiling fears,
 And froze me with a basilisk's sharp spell.

In unfamiliar characters it spoke,
 And held my heart in check with icy breath;
 Its tone a sombre requiem awoke,
 That swept across my soul with sighs of death.
 My spirit gazed upon that girlish form,
 So still and white within its casket bed;
 A smiling calm succeeded life's rough storm,
 And shed the old-time beauty o'er the dead.
 I dare not weep, nor wish thee back again;
 'Twere sweet release when love and hope are vain.



Easter

“Our Christ is risen!” List to the singing,
 That pours on the trembling air,
 From Easter bells ringing, joyously flinging
 Their harmony everywhere!
 Look up, oh, thou pale, sad face,
 Look up from thy sin-cursed doom!
 A glory now fills the place,
 Transforming the darkest tomb!

“Our Christ is risen!” Easter bells pealing,
 All chime in their floating song;
 Our freedom revealing, over us stealing,
 Are bearing our hearts along.
 Arise on this Easter morn!
 Exult in thy fetter's loss!
 Arise, for new hope is born
 From out of the Easter cross!

A Tableau

A HAPPY HOME

Within a cottage room, in simple guise,
 The day toil done, a family is grouped;
 The father sits and reads, but oft his eyes
 Desert the page and seek his wife, low stooped
 Above the child that cuddles at her knee;
 His rugged face with love grown young again,
 The while he hears the crooning "A"—"B"—"C,"
 That sweeps his heart like a seraph's sweetest strain.
 Three manly boys around the table pore
 O'er books in earnest study bent. The one
 Grown daughter steeped in all the puzzling lore
 Of chess, expounded by a neighbor's son.
 The sleek white cat whose tricks for notice fail,
 Contents herself by frisking with her tail.

The large black dog full stretched in calm content,
 In blinking bliss before the ruddy grate,
 Whose dancing flame across his sable fur is sent,
 And twinkles in the pictures poised sedate.
 Anon, some foolish move, or happyfeat,
 That crowns a king or counts a queen the less,
 Floats out in merry laughter rippling sweet,—
 Fair augury from out the realm of chess.
 The upraised faces echo back the chime,
 Until it dies in ling'ring smiles away;
 Their glowing eyes reflect the wordless rhyme,
 That dwells within a maiden's laughter gay.
 Ah, happy home ! Thy peaceful love and cheer,
 The crowning bliss vouchsafed to mortals here !

Thanksgiving Day

1891

Every thought of my being in melody blends
 Till the musical anthem to Heaven ascends,
 In a swell of deep harmony peacefully gay,
 From my innermost soul on this Thanksgiving Day.

The clear chime of the hymn, like an incense is blown
 In a cloud of sweet sighs to the seraphim's throne;
 The soft cadence unrolls in a symphony sweet,
 Its hosannas around the Creator's dear feet;

In low murmuring thanks of unlimited praise
 For the peace of my life and the length of my days;
 For the air which I breathe with the keenest delight;
 For the sunshine of day and the calmness of night;

For the green of the landscape and blue of the skies;
 For the beauteous earth, and the sight of my eyes.
 Oh, sincerest of thanks for the love that is mine !
 For the love of the mortal, for my Lover divine !

And warm thanks for the guidance through trials of woe,
 And the tenderness temp'ring the pain I must know;
 But the deepest of thanks for the life to be won,
 When the joys and trials of this shall be done.

Oh, I thank thee, my God, for all blessings and loss,
 For the glorified crown, for humility's cross.
 Hear this song of my heart, dear Creator, I pray ;
 Take my anthem of thanks on this Thanksgiving Day !



Legend of the Vine

Satan watched in jealous glee,
 While Noah planted the grape vine tree;
 Stealing out when all was done,
 He cried : " Sweet plant, thou art scarce begun !

Of evil things thou shalt have no scant,
 My own, my charming plant !
 Mine thou art, and mine shall be,
 And I will carefully nurture thee.”

Through a lion, hog and sheep,
 He plunged a dagger both swift and deep ;
 Drawing forth the steaming blood,
 He bathed the vine in their gory flood.
 Each attribute of the living beast
 Within the plant increased ;
 Christened by this motley tide,
 A mongrel crew in its veins abide.

Hidden 'neath a verdured crest,
 Its beastly baptism is manifest ;
 Traces of this foster draught,
 Impregnant with all the vices quaffed,
 Flash out in glints from the ripened plant,
 Like evil rays ascant ;
 Discord floats from out the fruit,
 Like voices hoarse from a strident lute.

He who drinks the garnered wine,
 Imbibes these traits from the deluged vine ;
 Drinking light, with gentle thirst,
 Awakes the friendliest nature first,
 That babbles forth in a bleating psalm,—
 Just like a tethered lamb ;
 Deeper draughts the traits will bring,
 That make him growl like the forest king.

Deeper still will bring him down
 Below the jest of the vilest clown ;
 Quenchless flames of thirsting fires
 Consume his soul with their base desires.

He wallows round in the seeping bog,
 A woeful, filthy hog.
 Reason flees before the vine,
 Whose tendrils drip with the blood of swine.
 Charming plant of nectared fire !
 A noble sprout of ignoble sire,
 Paying him most royally
 For all the care he bestowed on thee;
 Evil dreams that Satan weaves,
 Deceitful lurk in thy trellised leaves,
 Luring by their vivid tone
 Through meshy snares that are all his own !



Child Life

Pink-tinted with the warmth of rosy June,
 The bud of nature drinks the shining draught
 Of life; its elix'r unconscious quaffed
 In mystic beams. The gentle croon
 Of seraph's music sets the world attune;
 And all the harmonies of Heaven waft,
 As if with revelling baby angels laughed
 In soft, low chimes a strange but merry rune.
 Full brightly dawns the child's auroral world,
 By sunbeams kissed, by angels lulled to rest;
 Fair rose within maternal arms unfurled,
 An angel's charge since first it cried at birth ;
 Its griefs swift soothed upon a mother's breast,
 The strangest, fairest blossom known to earth !



Woman

God's masterpiece was man, 'tis fitly said,
 Yet earth, and man and ev'ry wond'rous feat,
 When finished, still was sadly incomplete.
 Though man was fair, no angel bride could wed,
 So God created woman in her stead ;
 With form as fair, and voice as strangely sweet,
 And very like an angel when complete.
 She came, and all the world was comforted !
 Creation's dream ! Upon whose loveliness
 Angelic eyes in wond'ring envy turn,
 Half jealous of the mortal's perfectness.
 Oh, woman, crowning gem of Heaven's plan !
 Within whose heart celestial fires burn
 To bless and purify the love of man !



Duty

Duty is a harsh word,—
 Pleasure is a better ;
 Pleasure is a jewel,—
 Duty is a fetter.
 But the rays of pleasure
 Gleam in transient flashes,
 While the chain of duty
 Ever loudly clashes.

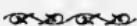
Duty says, “Remember !”
 Pleasure bids forgetting ;
 Pleasure's draught is nectar,
 But its dregs—regretting !
 Pleasure's hands extended,
 Full of promise teeming,

Melt away like visions
 In a night of dreaming.

Pleasure's birth is earthy,—
 Duty's born of heaven ;
 Pleasure's sweet is cloying,—
 Duty is life's leaven.

Through a maze of cloudlands
 Runs the path of pleasure,
 At the goal each runner
 Finds an empty measure.

Duty touches burdens
 With her rosy fingers,
 And a hidden magic
 O'er her fetters lingers.
 They who stoop to gather
 Up the chain of duty,
 Find its heavy linkings
 Changed to strands of beauty !



To Thyself Be True

In all thy acts to thyself be true,
 Then God and man will be true to you.
 A Nemesis gaunt will thy footsteps gauge,
 And wait for thee at the door of age.
 Accountant stern, to thy tott'ring years
 She adds the weight of her terrified fears ;
 She calls thy youth with its swarming host,
 To fright thee worse than a midnight ghost.
 Inquisitor's rack were a downy bed
 To that prepared for thy aged head ;

This law and creed thou must keep or rue,—
 In all thy acts to thyself be true.
 Be true ! Be true, in thy youthful years !
 To spare thy age unavailing tears.
 Would'st make all thy days like a dream sublime,
 And snatch the lash from the hand of time ?
 Would'st bless the work thou art called to do ?
 Remember God !—To thyself be true !



My Album

I am wrapped in sad rev'rie,
 By myself all alone,
 As I fasten the shutters,
 That are noisily blown
 By the storm, that is raging
 In a furious gale,
 As it falls on my casement,
 In a shower of hail.

And I turn, half in grieving,
 From the storm-beaten panes,
 To the grate that is rev'ling
 In the sensual flames.
 I am tired of Chaucer,
 Of De Quincey and Gray,
 So I take up my album
 In a spiritless way.

And I pore o'er its pages,
 Where it rests on my knee,
 Till each face as I ponder,
 Seems to whisper to me,

In a whisper so laden
With the odor of myrrh,
That I feel its mute sadness
All my sympathies stir.

Here's the face of a maiden
In a beauty sublime,
Now deserted and withered
In her womanhood's prime ;
By her side a companion,
With the eyes of a dove,
In a holocaust offered
On the altar of love.

Once again do I shiver
By the funeral pall,
As I gaze on a comrade,
Who was dearest of all.
There's a sigh full of pity,
Yet of sacredness, too,
While I look on a traitor,
Who was base and untrue.

Here's the face of a lover,
As it gazed into mine
With a wealth of devotion,
Undefiled and divine ;
There's a mound with the verdure
Of its carpeted mold,
Where forget-me-nots nestle,
And the story is told.

And returning my album
To its place on the shelf,
A soft peacefulness wraps me,
As I sit by myself.

In the light of the sadness
 That the album has thrown,
 The heart's not the saddest,
 That is sitting alone !



The Shadow on the Curtain

I sit and dream in the gloaming,
 Till the stars come one by one,
 And wink and blink at my castles,
 In a chime of twinkling fun.
 I watch their flickering flashes,
 Till a shade dispels their sway,—
 A shade that falls on the curtain
 In the house across the way.

A shade? In truth they are shadows,
 But together softly blent;
 I fear the regular plural
 Would be scarcely what I meant;
 And yet, one head has its tresses
 In a twisted Psyche knot;
 And one short clipped,—and I wonder,
 Is he a mustached blonde, or not?

I watch the play of the shadow,
 Like a wordless song, whose air
 In music falls on the curtain
 From the lovers over there.
 Its tell-tale rhythm is singing
 An impassioned lover's lay;
 The rhymes float out from the shadow
 On the curtain o'er the way.

An Old Man's Dream

An old man sat in a reverie,
 Watching the river flow on to the sea.
 The sinking sun cast a lingering ray
 Over the stream and the dreamer so gray,
 And forms stole out in the mellowed dyes,
 Softening the gleam in the reveried eyes.
 His soul looked out in a spellbound gaze
 Over the scenes of his earlier days.

His youth rose up with its tender hands,
 Struggling in poverty's manacled bands ;
 The stormy scenes of his manhood's years
 Came in the throes of their myriad fears.
 He saw the grip of ambition's sighs
 Rending his heart with their passionate cries ;
 He marveled much at the little gain,
 Counting the griefs, and the losses and pain:

One sunny day in a week of rain ;
 Glimpses of joy through the curtain of pain ;
 One gleam of love, in whose joyous birth
 Heart songs of gladness rang out o'er the earth ;
 A passing kiss from the lips of fame,
 Born but to die in the hour it came ;
 Some fleeting joys and some fleeting gold,
 Leaving them all for a shroud of earth mold.

Thus ran the dream of the old man's life,
 Lighted by sunshine and shaded by strife.
 The river sang as it flowed away,
 Soothing the dreamer, so old and so gray.
 It softly changed in the falling night,—
 Changed to a river of beautiful light !
 The brilliant glints of the dying sun
 Fell o'er the web of a life that was spun.

She and 3

We are sisters two, but she the fairest was in form and face ;
 She could sway all moods, and touch each hidden chord with matchless grace.
 O'er her youth the Fates in kindness smiled, and blest her tender years ;
 E'en all nature turned a gladsome face, nor droopt to brood in tears.

Soon came love to crown her life with lucid light through all its ways,—
 On her path to shed its silv'ry flame all through the perfect days.
 But she, smiling, bade him go; to warmest pleading answered, “ Nay ! ”
 While I watched, dismayed, and wondering, asked, “ Oh, why not bid him stay ? ”

With a frown she cold replied, “ Ah, love his wings will surely try ;
 When the honey gold is gone the wanton love is sure to fly ! ”
 Then came gold with words like seeds of fire, to win her for his own ;
 She should reign within his palace, like a queen upon her throne.

So she, smiling, bade him stay, and revelled in her golden dream ;
 O'er her pathway flash the golden rays with scintillating beam.
 But 'tis well the heart that gold has given her she cannot see :
 'Tis a charnel-house of memories from which she'd, shudd'ring, flee.

Round its brighter halls encircles many a syren's pictured face ;

Did she know, alas, she'd deem her own no high nor honored place !

Does she know ? Does vain regret e'er bring her sordid soul to task ?

Who can tell ? There's none can read the face beneath a golden mask !

We are sisters two ; my hands with labor brown; hers lily white ;

She has wealth, and I have children three, and toil from morn till night.

Of one race, and yet our lives so widely sundered each from each,

That I can as easy pluck a star as hope her height to reach !

She is free as bird to wing her way all o'er the sea and earth,

But a prisoner I, enchain'd by duty's fetters since my birth.

As to-day I read she dined with kings, the fairest lady there,

Hot rebellious thoughts my pulses filled when I our lots compare.

“ I have nothing, nothing,” wailed my heart a moment mournfully ;

“ ‘ Tis unjust to give her all and dole such meagre gifts to me ! ”

“ Oh, mama, mama, dear ! ” young voices woke the house to life ;

“ Oh, my dearest ! Home again, to you my love, my darling wife ! ”

And I've nothing? nothing? Pardon! Pardon! Lord, my
sinful thought!

I have all, and she has nothing save the baubles gold
has bought!



Gold

Gold, gold! thou'rt a curse,—yet a blessing with treasures
untold.

Old! cold! but waking the furious flames of desire!
Leaving in ashes each heart that tastes of thy liquid fire!
Dream of the youth and the sage, oh, beautiful, syren
gold!



To-Day

Shall we count the coming hours,
And wait for "better days?"

Shall we spurn to-day that 's ours,
And on to-morrow gaze?

Shall we take the gifts at our feet,
Or turn impatient away?

Their wings are light and fleet,—
Wisdom would bid them stay.

To-morrow may frowningly greet;
There 's a smile on the face of to-day!

Shall we turn our heads away,
Like children spoiled and proud,

Just because the lustrous ray
Is dimmed by passing cloud?

Shall we count the ripening wheat
And reckon garnered sheaves?

Find fault with flowers sweet,
 Sighing o'er falling leaves ?
 To-day is too brief and too fleet
 For the dream that the fanciful weaves.

'Tis enough to know to-day
 Is offering treasures dear.
 Must we question, frown, or weigh,
 Or spoil with idle fear ?
 Shall we scorn the proffering cup,
 Because its glistening wine
 To the brim does not come up ?
 No ! From thy hand divine
 I'll drink and thy pleasures all sup.
 'Tis enough I should know they are mine !



A Berkeley Cottage

There nestles a vine-covered cottage
 In the shade of the vernal hills,
 And often its welcoming greeting
 To my innermost being thrills
 With a measure of pleasure,
 That can banish the darkest woe,
 So beguiling and wiling
 Is the warmth of its fervid glow.

The charm of its peaceful seclusion
 Is the bonniest boon to me ;
 I turn from the smothering city
 To the visions of hills and sea ;
 From the rustle and bustle
 Of the harassing crowds of care,

From the spying and sighing,
To the peacefulness brooding there.

And yet, not the charms of the mountains,
Nor the sea with its sunset dyes,
Can rival with all of its splendors,
The soft lustre of kindling eyes.
Ah, their greeting at meeting,
Is a welcome almost divine ;
In its flowing and glowing,
Like a draught of celestial wine !

Though life in its varying changes
Through the veil of the future peers,
And beckons me out from my dream lands,
To the glare of her wand'ring years,
Ever ranging, unchanging,
All the thoughts of my constant breast,
In the seeming of dreaming,
Shall fly back to that cosy nest.



Under the Mulberry Tree

Tweet ! Tweet ! Tweet !
High up in the mulberry tree,
Two little robins so glad and free,
Are looking and laughing at you and me,
Under the mulberry tree.

Tweet ! Tweet ! Tweet !
They're merrily building a nest
Of mossy twigs all with feathers prest ;
The loveliest, daintiest place of rest,
Up in the mulberry tree.

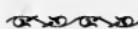
Tweet ! Tweet ! Tweet !
 They're nodding at you and at me,
 And singing " See, won't you look and see ?
 The happiest lovers are we, are we ! "

High in the mulberry tree.

Tweet ! Tweet ! Tweet !
 Just look at their wise little eyes ;
 They say as plain as the sunlit skies :
 " Oh, tell her you love her, then do likewise ! "
 Down from the mulberry tree.

Sweet ! Sweet ! Sweet !
 You know that I love you, my dear.
 I'd ask a question, but, doubting, fear ;
 The robins are right,—I will ask it here,
 Under the mulberry tree.

Sweet ! Sweet ! Sweet !
 No happier lovers than we ;
 Ere summer flies we shall married be.
 Our beautiful nest you shall surely see,
 Close to the mulberry tree.



The Devil's Bride

The Devil one day was sorely perplexed,
 And thus to his henchman said:
 " There's Pride, and there's Lust, there is Anger and Sloth,
 The very best agents we've bred ;
 And yet, there are souls whom I longingly wait,
 Who perversely refuse our bait ! "

The Devil then took a few pinches of fire,
 And snuffed up his glowing red nose,
 Then roughly shook out all the kinks in his tail,
 And thoughtfully gazed on his toes.

“Oh, master, there’s one who will bring you these souls,
 Tho’ the others have tried in vain ;
 Just fix up a story for Slander to tell,
 And season it well with pain.

Then send her to them while it’s spicy and new,
 And I’ll wager she’ll bring them to you.”

So straightway the Devil his potion to mix,
 Dissected a maiden’s fair name,
 Then drew out the blood from a mother’s proud heart,
 And mixed it all up with the shame.

He brewed the lot well and he seasoned with tears,
 Then gave it to Slander ’mid cheers.

She went to the souls where the others had failed,
 And whispered the fiendish news ;
 They, wondering, heard, then asked her to dine,
 Lest some of the story they lose.

She stayed and made friends with her smooth oily tongue,
 And they felt not the fangs that stung.

All those who had listened she smilingly kissed,—
 Her kiss the red signet of hell ;
 And those who recounted her horrible tales,
 Beneath her dread mastery fell.

The loathly contagion her breathing distilled,
 Till each soul with the poison was filled.

The Devil in jubilee capered about,
 And gave her a seat at his side ;
 The red vaulted caverns of hell were aglow,
 Where soul-dowered Slander was bride.



Tears

Tears ! Tears ! Tears !

While the years of life run by,
Though we taste of the cup of pleasure,
The chalice of pain is nigh.

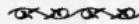
Oh, well for the heart that's content,
And in meekness accepteth its part !

Oh, well for the soul that feels,
'Tis the tears that cleanseth the heart !

Through a blinding mist and rain,
We must reach our haven of rest,
And there we shall learn, what we cannot here,
That the pain and the tears were best !

Tears ! Tears ! Tears !

As the years of life go by,
Though we drain to the dregs the pleasure,
The chalice of woe is nigh !



Work

“Work!” “Work!”

’Tis the commanding refrain
In the busy song of life.

“Work!” “Work!”

List to the echoing strain
Of the rhythmed spirit of strife!
Loud o'er the hills and the vale,
And in whispers through the gale,
Muffled to sobs in our grief,
It is crooned by every leaf.

“ Work ! ” “ Work ! ”
 Nature assigns thee a task,
 And she sings with every breath,
 “ Work ! ” “ Work ! ”
 Sluggardly rest is a mask,
 That conceals the spirit’s death.
 List to the song as it floats
 O’er the verdured fields and moats !
 Take the refrain ! Let it fly,
 Like a timbrel’s joyful cry !

“ Work ! ” “ Work ! ”
 Action and life are in work !
 But in death dwells peace and rest.
 “ Work ! ” “ Work ! ”
 Seek not thy portion to shirk,
 For the worker’s part is best.
 Action is life—when ’tis fled
 Then in life thou liv’st—dead !
 Rest is the twilight of gloom,
 And its night falls in the tomb !



Dead

Now fold the hands, so white and cold,
 Upon the pulseless breast,
 And gently close the tired eyes,
 In death’s unbroken rest.
 No toil shall stain those snowy hands,
 No tears shall dim the eyes,
 No earthly cares again shall wake
 The burning storm of sighs.
 No tolling bells, nor lowered flags,
 Announce a hero’s death ;

No wondrous tales of daring deeds
 Are told with bated breath.
 And yet, no name on Fame's bright scroll
 A greater vict'ry won,
 Than he who lies so silent there,
 Uneulogized, unsung !

Not his the gift to thrill men's hearts,
 Like orators of old ;
 Not his the hands to turn all things,
 As Midas did, to gold ;
 O'er self, and passions wild and strong,
 A noble vict'ry gained ;
 A noble life for others lived,
 Unselfish and unstained.

The incense from that humble life
 Is dearer far to him
 Than those who drank immortal wine
 From fortune's flowing brim.
 And as ye gently place him in
 His narrow home of clay,
 Angelic choirs a requiem sing,
 Celestial harpists play.



Wine

Softly and low this syren comes tapping,
 Gently tapping at every door ;
 Wooing gay youth with phantasy's promise,
 Luring age with sophistical lore ;
 Amorous fires from her amber eyes
 Flash like gleams from Elysian skies.

Odorous breathings soaring around her,
 Bathe all hearts in a trance of desire ;

Mystical incense, weird and bewitching,
 Floating out from her heart of fire ;
 Witching odors that burn the brain,
 Censer and incense of shame and pain.

Stretching out arms in wanton caressing,
 Danger lurks in her perfumed breath ;
 Languorous eyes are raised in persuasion,
 Luring men on to destruction and death ;
 Binding the soul in her mystic spell ;
 Changing mortals to imps of hell.

Falsest deceiver ! Holding her captives
 Fettered slaves to her will evermore ;
 Stranded and wrecked, alone they are lying,
 Mocked by the waves on her skeleton shore ;
 Pitiless winds in a bleaching shroud,
 Wrapping forms once so haughty and proud.

Outcasts, alone in misery dying ;
 Spurned by her who has wrecked their soul ;
 Taking their all for amorous shadows ;
 Luring them on to a prizeless goal ;
 Dying alone, where their bleaching bones
 Need no epitaph's glowing tones.

Beautiful temptress, beckoning men on,
 On, to fall at thy revelling shrine !
 Where, in a frenzy, lovers are throwing
 Heaven away for embrace of thine ;
 Blindly deeming thy meagre dole
 Ample fee for their ruined soul.



Hope

Oh, grow not faint, thou weary heart,
 Though storm clouds rage to-day !
 The blinding tempest soon is spent,
 The darkness passed away.
 Then break not now, oh tired heart !
 But bend thee to thy fate ;
 The past already claims to-day,
 Though morning seemeth late.
 Our anguished tears shall dim repose
 In memory's shroud of gray ;
 We'll gather, by to-morrow's sun,
 The hopes all wrecked to-day !



Beautiful Hands

I know two hands so plain and brown,
 To me they're wondrous fair ;
 Although they are no artist's dream,
 None others can compare.
 Let poets sing and sculptors rave
 O'er hands so soft and white,
 But let me keep my mother's hands
 To be my life's delight.
 Though other hands their loving clasp
 Upon my own entwine,
 They'll never be one half so dear
 As mother's hands divine.
 I'll ne'er forget those loving hands,
 While life and love shall last,
 And know they'll greet me lovingly,
 When life and earth are past.

They've toiled for me both night and day,—
 Two tireless, faithful friends ;
 Though giving them a royal love,
 I cannot make amends.

My happiness was all their care ;
 They toiled for that alone
 Through many sunless, struggling years,
 Without a sigh or moan.

Though wrinkled now with age and toil,
 They're beautiful to see ;
 Of all things dear those dear old hands
 The dearest are to me.



My Neighbor

I have a happy neighbor,
 Who lives next door to me,
 And every pleasant morning,
 His cheery face I see.
 He watches for my coming,
 And when my toils commence,
 Just opposite my kitchen,
 He perches on the fence.

He never crosses over,
 But sits and chats away,
 And if the door stood open,
 He'd sit and chat all day.
 His curly locks half hidden
 Beneath a battered straw,
 Whose mangled rim resembles
 A curved and rusty saw.

He shows the deepest interest
 In everything I do ;
 He often says he loves me,—
 And I believe it's true.
 That rusty straw is shading
 The sweetest face I know,
 And though he's only seven,
 I love my little beau.
 His bright, old-fashioned chatter
 Has made him dear to me.
 May heaven bless the prattler,
 And guide his destiny !
 I wonder half in sadness,
 The while he chatters o'er,
 Will e'er my little neighbor
 Forget my kitchen door ?



A Letter

'Twas but a faded letter,
 A relic from the past,
 Its withered heart exhaling
 A cruel, bitter blast.
 Each letter outward glaring
 With thrilling, nameless fright,
 And this is what was written
 Upon its pages white :
 " Dear friend, I have a secret,
 That I must tell to you ;—
 I'm going to be married
 Inside a week or two."
 The words are dimmed and faded,
 And yet there comes to-night,

The mem'ry of the anguish,
 And all the years of blight ;

The cruellest awakening,
 When dreams were at an end,
 All shattered by the being,
 Far dearer than a friend.

His tearless sobs re-echo,
 "I loved her!—loved her true!"

While wailing in impotence,
 "And I,—I thought she knew!"

He did not see the trembling
 Of fingers loved and dear,
 Nor know that o'er the message
 There fell a parting tear.

While to herself she murmured,
 "I thought he cared for me!"

Ah, no, 'twas foolish dreaming;
 It could not, could not be!"

Two souls through life are wand'ring,
 In each a buried sigh,
 And both have missed the sweetness,
 That touched them going by.

And o'er this faded letter,
 He sits with drooping head,
 His life unblessed and lonely
 By words he left unsaid.



Blighted

When the friends that are dear,
 Who lightly love and part,
 Shall gaze with a doubting sneer
 On thy bruised and aching heart ;

When the praise that is sweet,
 Shall turn to dregs of gall,
 And pass with transient feet
 To obey another's call ;
 When the travail of tears
 Shall rend thy soul in twain,
 And sob in thy aching ears
 In an agony of pain ;
 When suspicion's red beams
 Shall shed their scorching ray,
 To wither thy fondest dreams,
 Till they, crumbling, drop away,—
 Come, thou friend of my youth,
 And I will give to thee
 A heart of devoted truth,
 And undying constancy !
 Come, in friendship's dear name,
 For sake of "Auld Lang Syne,"
 Thy heart shall revive its flame,
 From the slumb'ring coals in mine.



Mission of the Holy Cross

Santa Cruz, September 28th, 1791

TO REVEREND HUGH MCNAMEE

Near the banks of Lorenzo, where wild roses grew
 In an emerald bed 'neath a cover of dew,
 Where the tangled wild fruit thro' the leafiness stole,
 And the saucy-eyed squirrel peeped out from his hole ;
 Where the hills and the valley trip down to the seas,
 To the music of birds from the giant-like trees ;
 Where the rocks and the vines thro' a glimmer of gold,
 In a rapturous vision their beauties unfold ;—

On the carpeted soil of the virginal land,
 Unscarred by the touch of a civilized hand,
 In the glow of an Indian Summer long past,
 The first cross and its lengthening shadow was cast.
 O'er it played the soft kiss of September's warm sun,
 And high Heaven rejoiced at the mission begun ;
 On the breast of that land through its grasses and moss,
 Was incarved the dear name of the glorious cross.

“ Santa Cruz ! Santa Cruz ! ” Sung the heralds of God,
 As they blessed and baptized the regenerate sod.

“ Santa Cruz ! Santa Cruz ! ” Sung the hills to the sea,
 Till the echo was caught in the heart of the lea,
 And the red sons of Nature in wonderment stood,
 As they timidly gazed from the depths of the wood
 On the sable-clad priests, without arrows or spear,
 In the shade of the cross, undisturbed by a fear.

For the symbol that sprung from dark Calvary's shame
 Sheds the light of its love in a conquering flame,
 And the heart of the savage was tamed and subdued
 By the sad solemn cross he could see from the wood.
 'Tis a century now since he wended to pray'r,
 To the voice of the bells thro' the slumbering air ;
 'Tis a century past since the white-handed priest
 Poured oblations divine at the first blessed feast.

Now the stillness has deepened, unheeded the dawn,
 For the white hands are stilled and the neophyte gone;
 Not a vestige to mark where the wigwam was laid,
 Not a trace of the red man in forest, or glade.
 O'er the church a few relics their vigil still keep,
 And the life that was theirs seems to stealthily creep
 In low whispers adown from the pictures so old,
 And float out from the garments embroidered in gold.

As I stood on the top of the crumbling, old wall,
 In a tangle of vines that was covering all,
 I could gaze on the graves, where the faithful found rest
 'Neath the yellowing stones by the sunshine carest ;
 Through the silence was borne the shrill scream of the
 train,

As it passed o'er the spot where Quintana was slain.
 Ah, 'tis fair this warm land,—this red land of the sun,—
 By the blood of our priesthood in martyrdom won !

The sad reverie fled, as the priest at my side
 Raised his hand with a gesture of tenderest pride
 To the church that arose from the century's mold,—
 A fair blossom new born from the heart of the old,—
 Where oblations are poured by a white-handed priest,
 Just as pure as they flowed at the first blessed feast ;
 And the cross that was born in black Calvary's woe
 Is the refuge and strength that it was long ago !



The Hammer

I hear the clink of the builder's hammer,
 As I sit in my room alone ;
 At every stroke all the air waves tremble
 With a rhythmical, soothing tone.
 It works away like a human being,
 And its power seems to feel ;
 More wondrous far than magician's sceptre
 Is this sensitive bit of steel.

There rises up 'neath its magic bidding,
 The most beautiful dream of man ;
 It works away till the dreamer's dreaming
 Is a tangible, shapeful plan.

A genius fair to its mortal master,
 It responds with a cheerful sound,
 And splendors brings from the world of chaos
 To the wondering eyes around.

It works all day, and its merry singing
 In the tremulous air is rife ;
 Its noisy song all the echoes waking,
 Like the spirit of glowing life.
 The clink, clink, clink of the hammer's music
 Is the sweetest of sounds to me,
 And every stroke is a voice prophetic
 Of the beautiful things to be.



Aftermath

There comes a time when the heart grows weary,
 And sunniest days seem dull and dreary ;
 When voices of friends seem harsh and hateful,
 And solitude is benign and grateful ;
 When heart and brain leave the turmoiled scheming,
 To revel in retrospective dreaming,
 Alone, o'er scenes of the past to ponder,
 And tranquilly through its shadows wander.

Heart-sick, to turn from the brilliant gleaming,
 Full surfeited with its vapid seeming,
 And loathing the haunts of giddy pleasure,
 Turn back to strains of a sadder measure.
 Alone ! Alone ! In preferred disunion,
 To hold with its soul a sweet communion;
 There comes a time when the lie grows hateful,
 And solitude is the boon most grateful.

Then, dearest one, when thy heart is knowing
 The bitterness hid in life's vain showing;
 When wearily turning from the seeming,
 From phantom joys of illusive dreaming,
 Thou drawest far from places crowded,
 And sittest alone in sadness shrouded,
 The long dead love, all its old spell weaving,
 Shall soothe thy heart in its lonely grieving !



Eventide

I watched the toiling tide
 As it poured in a turbid flow,
 As it surged at eventide
 'Neath the lingering sunset's glow
 From out the dingy mart,
 Where the laborer's days are spent;
 Where beats the city's heart,
 And its vitalized life is sent.

The streaming tide of life,
 As it rushed through the opened gates,
 Away from toiling strife
 And away from all jealous hates ;
 They surged in eager glee,
 To the air of the outer world,
 Like wavelets, joyous, free,
 From the ocean of labor hurled.

Ah, many joys and woes
 Can be read in its quickened deeps,
 As thus at evening's close,
 Unrestrained, it homeward leaps.
 Some forms bear rudest trace
 Of grim poverty's cruel hand,

While some in artless grace,
Make a jubilant, happy band.

Beside the gay and fair,
With a brow of unruffled calm,
There stride dark forms of care,
Like the breath of a mournful psalm.
Some go to homes of light
With a smile in their longing eyes,
While some but wish at night,
For the sun in to-morrow's skies.

'Tis thus the years run on
With their varying hopes and fears,
And thus our life work's done,
Side by side in our joys and tears.
The evening shadows fall,
And the turbulent tide is passed ;
Kind night has over all,
Her own comforting mantle cast.



Sonnet

What dream so fair as summer's flashing skies,
When full-robed Luna sits in royal pride ?
While golden rain from out her sceptre flies,
And pours o'er earth its scintillating tide ?
Ah, one bright dream to errant mortals sent,
Is fair as flash of Luna's dazzling rays !
The moonlight peacefulness and glory blent
In that sweet dream that gilds the darkest days.
When perfect love in fullest splendor reigns,
And bathes the world in floods of golden beams,

The rays scintillant flashed from mortal veins,
 Serenely vieing with the moon's bright streams.
 In love's clear sky undimmed by darkling strifes,
 Fair Luna's sceptre fades before the wife's.



The Suicide

Turn not in loathing away !
 Bend down in tenderness
 Over this clay !
 Fold the pale hands o'er the breast !
 Humanely pitying,—
 Fold them to rest.

Lay the tost tresses aside !
 Smooth out the mattedness,
 Trying to hide
 Some of the horror it knew !
 Hide all its loathsomeness
 Out of our view !

Draw the white lids o'er the eyes,
 Gazing in shocking and
 Startled surprise !
 Banish the horrible glare,
 Speaking remorse in its
 Sickening stare !

Speak not in censure nor blame !
 Pity the foolishness !
 Pity the shame !
 Pity the dreariness here !
 Shed o'er it feelingly
 Charity's tear !

Speak of the heart that was true !

Think of the best of it !

Bring it to view,

Here in its solitude !

Pity its loneliness !

Think of the good !

Think of the soul-rending strain !

Think of the misery,

Terror and pain !

Death in its hideous kiss,

Held for the dying who

Wooed it like this !

Fleeing in madness and fear !

Fleeing the torturers

Haunting it here !

Goaded by miseries, flown

Far from the wretchedness

Bitterly known !

Judge not the criminal there !

Judge not the sinfulness

Of its despair !

Bend o'er it ! Pity its fall !

Be to it merciful !

Judge not at all !

Think that kind Heaven has shed

Into the soul of it,

Just ere it fled,

One of contrition's sweet sighs,

That in its whisperings

Pierced through the skies !

Decently robe it and lave !
 Tenderly, tearfully,
 Lay in the grave,
 Back with its own mother sod !
 Leave it in peacefulness,—
 Leave it with God !



A Dream

I gazed upon the ocean :
 Its every movement spoke of thee ;
 Its poetry of motion
 Recalled thy grace to me.

I gazed up to the heavens,
 On jeweled splendor of the skies :
 Each star in diamond flashes,
 Brought back thy gleaming eyes.

I wandered 'mid the flowers,
 An exile in far distant climes :
 The fragrance of their breathing
 Awoke those bygone times.

The murmurs of the zephyrs
 Were gentle whisperings of thee ;
 The warbling of the song birds
 Was like thy voice to me.

I braved the storm of battle,
 And in the tumult of that hour,
 With horrors round me stalking,
 I felt thy witching pow'r.

Though years have passed in absence
 O'er many alien lands and stream,
 At every turn there rises
 This retrospective dream.



Post Mortem

Bring flowers and deck the silent dead !
 On costly pillow lay the weary head !
 In richest robe of lace and satin rare,
 Array the form that e'en in death is fair !
 As o'er the still and icy clay ye gaze,
 With lavish words ye chant the dead one's praise,
 And o'er the lost in pity shed a tear,
 And weep that one so fair should grace the bier
 In early bloom.

With flowers make bright the gloomy pall,
 And praise her now,—in life ye kept it all.
 But scandal gave enough to blight her life,
 She gladly died to end the weary strife.
 Before those pallid cheeks and sightless eyes,
 Within your hardened hearts regrets must rise ;
 A little love had saved so much of pain ;
 Your praise, alas, as recompense is vain.
 'Tis late ! Too late !

Give flowers in wreaths and crosses fair,
 In shapes of floral art beyond compare ;
 A costly casket, fun'ral large and long ;
 A grand display in music, sermon, song.
 She sought but little,—charity and love ;
 Your tardy gifts help not the soul above.

When asking love, ye gave her but a stone ;
 Think now these things your harshness can atone ?
 Too late ! Too late !



Nature's Song

Sings the brooklet gliding by,
 Trill the birds in branches high,—
 “God is love !”

Gentle zephyrs whisper low,
 As o'er mount and vale they go,
 In wild play or movement slow,—
 “God is love !”

When the morning wakes the flow'rs,
 Then they sing through all the hours,—
 “God is here !”

When the night falls o'er the wood,
 Still the song comes clear and good,
 From the voiceless solitude,—
 “God is here !”

When with joy our life is blest,
 Then we sing with all the rest,—
 “God is love !”

If the clouds make dark the way,
 Into night is changed our day ;
 Yet this song will cheer and stay,—
 “God is love !”

In the days all sunny bright,
 Pours the heart in glad delight,—
 “God is here !”

In the night of gloom and pain,
 Comes that blessed strain again.
 Courage, soul ! New hope regain !—
 “God is here !”



Minstrel Waifs

Two minstrel children stood and played
 Upon a busy thoroughfare ;
 Their clothes were scanty, mean and old,
 And yet they seemed a happy pair.
 The boy played on his violin,
 With soul so wrapped in every tone,
 His visioned eyes saw not the crowd ;
 He stood a monarch there—alone !

The notes leapt out like prison'd birds,
 And filled the air with melody :
 Staccato tones of boisterous joy,
 And leggio depths of victory.
 The busy toilers ceased their work
 To join the eager listening throng,
 Enchained by music's mystic charm,
 Entranced by spell of air and song.

The girl then poised her tambourine
 To catch each drop of silver rain ;
 The boy still played, his dreamy eyes
 Unkindled by the fire of gain.
 With beaming face the maiden stooped
 To pick some truant coins that fell,
 And still he played, and, dreaming, gazed
 Until she roused him from the spell.

Oh, minstrel waifs, whence are ye borne ?
 And how is cast your destiny ?
 For some, like you, who drank full deep
 The bitter draught of poverty,
 Have risen up a famous band,
 Whose pulses throb in quickened glow
 At plaudits of a wondering land.



Old Time

“ Ho, ho ! ” said Old Time, as he passed
 By a woman besmirched with paint,
 “ Is it thus, my caress you’d o’ercast ?
 By my beard ! ’tis a noble feint !
 But know you, my arrant old dame,
 ’Tis as well that you spare such fuss ;
 No pigments can cope with my fame,
 Nor Old Time be deluded thus ! ”

So saying, he touched her again
 Till the wrinkles grew long and deep :
 “ Ho, ho ! All your nostrums are vain,
 For my furrows shall through them creep ! ”
 A smile like a midsummer’s rift,
 Through the frost of his visage broke,
 And changed his cold touch to a gift
 In the breath of a gentle stroke,—

As softly it fell on a dame,
 Who was cheerfully growing old :
 “ Ha, ha ! as thou feelest no shame
 In my kisses so stern and cold,
 I’ll bless the bright faith of thy heart ;
 Ha, ha ! not a wrinkle shall tell,”
 Said Old Time as he turned to start,
 “ Where the chill of my kisses fell ! ”

Truth

Vex not thy soul in rage,
 O'er words of reproof, till thy face
 Be like a lettered page
 With blushes in crimsoning race ;
 A blind, impassioned brood,
 Diffused in a fiery tide,
 Resenting phrases rude
 With haughty, imperative pride.

Let not thy spirit fret
 Because of illusions laid bare,
 Nor chafe in hot regret
 For words diplomatic and fair.
 The face of truth is stern,
 But sternness and justice so blend,
 Once known and felt, we learn
 To recognize it as a friend.

The hand that cuts away
 The growth from the cancerous sore,
 Is truer friend that day
 Than one who would cover it o'er.
 The piercing words that rend
 Conceit in a spasm of shame,
 But prove him truer friend
 Than one who would add to the flame.

Unvarnished candor galls,
 So every one's friend must be sweet ;
 But surplus of sweetness soon palls,
 And only fair truth is complete.
 Spurn not the friend she will send,
 But claim him at once for thine own ;
 For everybody's friend
 Is nobody's friend but his own !

Fraternity

DEDICATED TO THE Y. M. I.

August, 1890

A life that round itself doth roll,
Is life—but life without a soul !
Deprived the vivifying ray,
Immortalizing mortal clay.

For vain is speech, and vain are creeds,
Unleavened with the life of deeds ;
And vanity's most artful pelf
Is vain upon the idol self !

A life wrapped up in selfish earth,
Ignores its high, ennobling birth,
And spurns the heritage of God,
Content to live a soulless clod !

The soul designed for high emprise,
To life's sweet labor swiftly flies,
And emulates the noble plan
Of Christ, who loved his brother man !

Incarnate God ! Who walked unshamed
As man, with man, his heart inflamed
With boundless love, so deep and brave,
To bless the saint, the sinner save !

Then hail ! Ye noble Christian band,
Whose course divinity has planned ;
Thy strong fraternal bonds of love
Approved by deity above.

In blended links thy works uphold
To form a chain of graven gold,
Enwrought with loving Christian deeds,
And Charity's immortal creeds !

As man with man, as brother, friend,
 Fraternal love with Christ's shall blend,
 And Heaven's high majestic throne,
 Shall weave thy glory with its own !

March on ! In union's strength and might,
 With holy faith thy beacon light !
 Beneath the cross, its pledge and guide ;
 Beneath the flag, thy nation's pride !

Work on ! Thy work is grand and good,
 And thou a noble brotherhood !
 With lofty standards full in view,
 To God and country loyal, true !



Safe

Ah, who can speak in arrogant pride
 Of an erring brother's sin,
 While round himself the treacherous tide
 Its deceitful ripples spin ?
 And who dare gaze with pitiless eyes
 On a soul storm-tost, perplexed ?
 The circling vortex, widening, flies
 To engulf the scoffer next.
 For who is safe, and who can defy
 The deceitful whirls that wait
 In the surging sea of fate ?
 Count them as safe who, anchoring, lie
 Undisturbed by life's rough breath,
 In the harbored calm of death.

The Bachelor's Song

The humming bird flies from flower to flower,
 And draws from each heart in flashing sips,
 The innermost wealth of honeyed dower,
 While scarcely it touches the perfumed lips,
 Till over another it quickly dips !

Thus onward it flies, contentedly winging
 Its way through the garden's scented air,
 To every bud his love song singing !

Though every one is sweet and rare,
 The charms of the last he finds most fair !

Ah, sly little bird that revels in blisses,—
 The garden is full of honeyed store.
 Then why should he lack for sweetest kisses ?
 The humming bird's wise ! Be ours his lore,
 And we just as free for evermore.



The Lover's Response to the Bachelor

I know two eyes so brightly blue,
 Whose diamond shaft has pierced me through ;
 I burn beneath the flashing ray,
 Yet love to linger 'neath their sway—
 Dear eyes so true,
 Of tender blue.

If you could see them beam on me,
 No crusty bachelor you'd be ;
 Before the fire of melting eyes
 Your silly lore a coward flies—
 Dear eyes, to thee
 I'll constant be.

Such rays would pierce a heart of snow,
 And lay its resolutions low ;
 I'll not resist those eyes divine,
 But hope that soon I'll call them mine—
 Dear eyes aglow,
 I love you so.

I grieve that base inconstancy
 And faithless vaunting pledges thee.
 I may not censure, curse, nor blame,
 But no true lover sanctions same—
 For love is true,
 And lovers too.



My Love

My love is not a beauty,
 I candidly admit ;
 No devotee of fashion,
 Of repartee and wit ;
 No glistening orb is she,
 Whom satellites attend
 All round the shining circuit,
 Where wealth and beauty wend.

The gilded halls of pleasure
 Are strangers to her feet ;
 No courtly cavaliers
 Her presence rush to greet,
 Rewarded by a glance
 Of Cupid's limpid fire,
 Or press of snowy hand,
 And smile that each desire.

Yet, though you see no beauty
 In feature, form nor face,
 To me my love is lovely
 In purity and grace.
 Her eyes are full of lovelight,
 That shines for me alone ;
 Her voice is Heaven's music,—
 I love its every tone.

Let him who will, take beauty,
 Take fashion, wit or grace ;
 But give to me the fairy,
 Who makes the home her place.
 A fire-side queen my love,
 Whose kingdom is my own,
 Who makes my home her palace,
 My heart her regal throne.



Growing Old

While in the mirror gazing,
 There met my startled eyes
 Assurance so amazing,
 It filled me with surprise ;
 For in its depths were shining,
 Like fairy threads astray,
 Among my tresses twining,
 Some silver strands of gray.

A quickened pang of sorrow
 Shot through my smited frame ;
 It seemed from grief to borrow
 A sense I dare not name,—

It woke the peace that slumbered
 Within the arms of hope;
 The years I had not numbered,
 Were passing down the slope.

My wakened brain was teeming
 With sad delinquent fears,—
 Ah, where the hopes, and dreaming,
 And promise of my years?
 I turn away and shiver,
 As struck with icy cold:
 Those silver threads a-quiver
 Tell me I'm growing old.



Mater Dolorosa

Woman of women, the pride of our race !
 Upturned to the cross is thy lily white face ;
 Pale as the leaves of the hyacinth's snow,
 A vision of love in thy halo of woe !

Close in the shade of the desolate cross,
 Thy spirit was rent with its infinite loss ;
 Kissed by the gloom that its sombreness threw,
 Each pang of Christ's flesh was re-echoed in you !

Watching his breath in its agonized flow,
 In grief that a mother-heart only can know ;
 Sorrowful mother, whose love was the dart,
 That pierced, as thou gazed, thro' thy quivering heart !

Love that was lulled in its torturing throe,
 By patience resigned to its measureless woe !
 Sharing the pains of the crucifix tree,
 And draining the cup of redemption's decree !

Yielding thy soul to the terrible strain
 To follow thy son through the furnace of pain !
 Pattern of love, and devotion sublime !
 A model to us through the cycles of time !
 Dolorous mother ! Thy glorified gain
 Resplendently shines through the vista of pain.
 Womanhood's glory, so peerless and pure !
 Of thee we shall learn to submit and endure !



My Land

May the musical chime
 In this symphonied rhyme,
 Be caught by the winds and the ocean,
 Till they sing of my land,
 On its sun-flecked strand,
 And the depth of a heart's devotion !
 Oh, my Queen of the West !
 Thou art regally drest,
 On thy emerald throne reclining ;
 Lies the silver-crowned bay
 At thy feet all the day,
 With its lover arms round thee twining.
 A Circean song
 Floats unconscious along,
 From thy heart, oh, my lovely valley !
 Like enchantress of old,
 From its magic is rolled
 A bewitchment o'er those who dally.
 From thy mountains and bay,
 Let them turn to Cathay,

Or the roar of the bold Atlantic ;
 They will dream evermore,
 Of thy sea and its shore,
 And pine for thy hills romantic.



The Irish Fairies

A panoplied host long æons ago,
 Embittered high heaven with discord and woe,
 And straight to the white empyrean throne
 Rebellion's hot serpentine hisses were blown,
 Outpouring in waves its fiery tide,
 Impotently battling in arrogant pride.
 A space,—and the Lord's omnipotent hand
 Swift hurled to their doom all the traitorous band.

Like meteors flashed in showers of flame,
 They poured in a torrent of frenzying shame.
 Proud Lucifer, with his satellites, fell
 Far down to the terrible chaos of hell ;
 But justice, with mercy, pitying blent,
 And checked the mad flight of avenging descent ;
 Some fell to the earth, in wildwood and lea,
 And myriads sank in the depths of the sea.

Far down the abyss that angel of light
 Now reigns as a devil in caverns of night ;
 His knowledge and power ruling dark hell,
 And frightening the world with his terroring spell.
 The angels that fell to the earth and the sea,
 Retain a strange beauty and radiancy ;
 They dwell in grand castles hid in the caves,
 And crystalline palaces under the waves.

They're known as the Irish fairies, whose sports
 Are sacred to Ireland's historical forts ;
 'Tis said that ofttimes by mortals they're seen
 In fanciful dances upon the soft green.
 Moreover, 'tis said, however that be,
 They covet the beautiful babies they see ;
 To save the dear babe, the mothers confess,
 They fasten some salt in the folds of its dress.

Yet all the "good people," surely 'tis known,
 Are gentle and innocent if let alone,
 And freely they roam the mossiest banks,
 But when they're disturbed, play occasional pranks.
 The housewives all know the power of fire
 To banish the charms of the fairies' hot ire,
 So place a live coal just under the churn,
 And over sick cattle a lighted wisp burn.

The fairies' low music, subtle and sweet,
 Soon weaves round the mortal enchantment complete.
 Full many a tale the Irish can tell
 Of selves, and of others witched by its spell ;
 The magical notes in fairy raths played
 Through Erin's sweet harmonies charmingly strayed,
 And binds with a spell of tenderest grace,
 Our hearts to this land and its legend'ry race.



Fairy Castles

In the heart of the mountains
 Are grand castles of gold,
 Where low murmuring fountains
 A sweet fragrance unfold ;

Where bright columns are glowing
 Through the crystalline halls,
 All their silver shafts flowing
 From the mirroring walls.

The soft atmosphere throbbing
 With a magical strain,
 Like the exquisite sobbing
 Of an ecstasied pain ;
 The sweet melody stealing
 From the harps of pure gold,
 Till each sense and each feeling
 In its spell is enrolled.

Here the fairy elves cluster
 Round the fairy king's throne,
 Where Finvarra can muster
 All the spell-workers known.
 With her golden hair streaming,
 Sits the beautiful queen,
 The jeweled dew gleaming
 From her gossamer sheen.

All that magic can render
 'Neath the glittering dome,
 For the fairy king's splendor,
 For the fairy elves' home,
 Where the vintage of pleasure
 Is so gaily drunk up,
 To the banquet's full measure,
 From each flower-shaped cup.

Through the castle's gold portals,
 By enchantment and wile,
 The most beautiful mortals
 Have abided awhile ;

The fair captives all bringing
 The soft melodies known,
 In the plaintive, sweet singin
 Of Ireland alone.



Fairy Palaces

Below the toppling waves,
 That crest the sapphire sea,
 The fairies dwell in caves
 Of dreamful brilliancy ;
 Beneath the ocean's whirl,
 In palaces of gold,
 Of jazel gems and pearl,
 And jasper multifold.

Far down where coral beds
 Bestud the crystal sea,
 Where climb the starry heads
 Of salt anemone ;
 Amid the waving groves
 Of grasses, palms and ferns,
 Where shipwrecked treasure-troves
 Enrich the fairy urns;
 In gleaming splendor dwell
 The fairies of the sea,
 And weave each fairy spell
 With ocean's mystery ;
 In sparkling banquet hall,
 That glows like jeweled mine,
 With golden floor and topaz wall,
 They drink their nectared wine.

Their hair, like woven beams
 Of morning's early sun,
 Floats down in shining streams
 Of yellow sunshine spun ;
 In robes of silver foam,
 Inwove with pearly seeds,
 On moonlight nights they roam
 Upon their snow-white steeds.

Their syren music rolls
 In mystic witchery,
 Enticing mortal souls
 Below the sapphire sea.
 Love's madness counts no cost,
 While listening to the song ;
 But lulled to sleep is lost
 Among the fairy throng.



The Leprehaun

Beside the green hedges
 And yellowing sheaf,
 Or under the cover
 Of shady dock-leaf,
 The Leprehaun nestles,
 And often is met,
 While busily working
 Beneath the sunset ;
 The fairy shoes mending
 So deftly and quick,
 His hammer outringing
 A silv'ry click, click.

With hat of three corners,
 And dress of bright green,
 The tricksiest fairy
 That ever was seen,
 He knows all the secrets
 Of deep hidden spots,
 And knows where gold treasure
 Lies buried in pots.
 He cobbles and cobbles,
 And hammers away,
 Half singing, half humming
 A melody gay.

He's gay and capricious,
 Yet does a good turn,
 And shows those he fancies,
 The hidden gold urn.
 But covetous mortals
 Besiege him in vain ;
 He laughs at their struggles
 In baffling refrain,
 Entrapping them oft in
 Some dangerous trick ;
 But still they keep watch for
 His clinking click, click.

The dear little fellow
 The Irish love well,
 And many strange stories
 Of Leprehauns tell :
 Of stateliest castles
 And families old,
 In noblest positions
 Through fairy-found gold ;

So eagerly listen
 To hear on their way
 His hammers click, clacking
 At closing of day.

Tick, tack, as he cobbles
 And stitches away ;
 Click, clack, as he hammers
 At sunset each day.
 I wish I could catch you,
 Gay Leprehaun, bold,
 And make you reveal me
 A pot of pure gold ;
 As under the dock-leaf
 You tick, tack away,
 Click, clacking, and humming
 Your fairy song, gay.



The Fairies' Dance

When moonlight is beaming
 On greenwood and lea,
 The fairies come streaming
 From mountain and sea,
 All merrily prancing
 Adown the soft path,
 To join in the dancing
 That's held in the rath.
 The music floats sweetly
 From pipers unseen,
 Bewitching completely
 The fairies in green.

Each fairy pair dashes
 To dance the gay air,
 While wave their red sashes,
 And long yellow hair ;
 Thin gossamer dresses
 Around them are rolled,
 And binding their tresses,
 A band of pure gold.

Their voices low sighing
 In echo's refrain,
 Like Autumn leaves flying ;
 A scampering train
 Of elves, red and yellow,
 And golden-hued brown,
 On winds warm and mellow,
 Come capering down.
 They rise from the fountains
 The moonlight has kissed,
 And float o'er the mountains
 In purpling gold mist,
 To join the gay dancing
 On green sward at night,
 Their starry eyes glancing
 In roguish delight.
 They trip the gay measure,
 Retreat and advance,
 All revelling in pleasure
 And frolicsome dance ;
 Till moonlight is leaving
 The circle and lea,
 Then turn, half in grieving,
 To mountain and sea.

Amelia Ophelia Jones

Amelia Ophelia Jones is the child of my brother Ned,
 But me and my Sal we tuk her the day that her dad wuz
 dead ;
 We tended the little kid jest the same ez she 'd been our
 own ;
 The midget would win yure love ef yure heart wuz made
 of stone ;
 Her hair 's like the silky floss that encircles the sweetest
 corn,
 And she carries her head so proud you 'd think she's a
 lady born ;
 She bosses both Sal and me with a high and a mighty
 air,
 And we just adore the mite, like a foolish, old doting
 pair.

The youngster wuz sleek and plump, 'twas a wonder the
 • way she grew,
 Till now she's a'most upgrown to a woman before we
 knew.

The years hev a startlin' way of a-skipping so slyly by,
 The gal makes us feel consid'ble older, my Sal and I.
 The lass hed the best of schoolin' and learned all ther
 wuz to learn ;

Of all of 'em she 's on top, with the highest of honors
 her'n.

I never wuz high nor proud, nor hankrin' to blow my
 horn,
 But fellers that knowed Bill Jones will all know that
 she's a Jones born.

She argifys brilliantly on the problems of church and
 state ;

The parson and her can beat all the orators I heard
orate ;
They talk of the psychic force and the loves of the
astral soul ;
Of "Auras" and sich strange things, and of "Karma's"
supreme control ;
Of poets and painters known in the world of esthetic art,
And all of the high-toned lore that's considered so grand
and smart ;
In learning I'm no great shakes, but I like elevatin' chat,
And Sal and myself take pride in argyments high like
that.

But times, when the gal is wrong, we reprove with old-
fashioned zeal ;
She gazes with lofty air while the faintest of smiles will
steal,
And break in a calm disdain, in provokingest kind of
way,
At all of the wisest things that my Sal and myself can
say.
Altho' ther' be few book words thro' our ornery language
flow,
There *are* a few things in life that we flatter ourselves
we know ;
We might ez well save our wind fer to fatten our aged
bones,
Fer all our opinions weigh with Amelia Ophelia Jones !



Longing

With fevered brow and a throbbing heart,
 In the starlit dome of blue,
 Search I the stars with a wizard's art,
 Asking their secrets true ;
 Is there work for me in the world's great mart ?
 Tell ; for I long to know !
 Straight to the task I'll go,
 When I know in this busy world my part !
 Imprisoned in by the walls of home,
 Where I sit with idle hands,
 Losing my life in the silver foam,
 Splashing my day dream lands,
 Will you whisper, stars, from your azure dome,
 What is my life to be ?
 Whisper, oh stars, to me,
 " 'Twill be deep and grand ! It shall not be foam !"
 Is mine the gift with a magic hand,
 To imprison nature's tints ?
 Catching the gleams on the sunset strand,
 Flashing in amber glints ?
 Or is mine the gift of the poet grand,
 Heard in the world of song ?
 Waft me the answer along,—
 Is mine the poet, or artist's hand ?
 Or mine the hands that shall soothe to rest
 With a warm and gentle touch,
 Clasping fair babes to my loving breast,
 Loving and suff'ring much ?
 Will you whisper, stars, from the twinkling West,
 Whisper the things I ask ?
 Tell me my lifelong task,
 Ere you steal away to your place of rest ?

Within my heart there's a wild desire
 For Parnassian heights divine !
 Thrilling my soul with its burning fire,
 Mad'ning as ancient wine !
 O'er the hills there come from the goodly choir,
 Voices that eager call,—
 Voicing my wishes all ;—
 Shall my life be here, or on mountains high'r ?

“ Thy longing cease ! oh, thou restless child,
 And obey the hand divine !
 Guiding thee on through the world so wild,
 Straight to the gates that shine !
 Thy appointed tasks are around thee, child,
 Close to thy hands all day ;
 Duty shall lead the way
 To thy fond desires, with a hand most mild ! ”



Legend of the Heliotrope

An aged man lay dying
 In a lonely prairie home ;
 Once more 'mid youthful pleasures
 All his senses seemed to roam.
 He sang in low, sweet snatches,
 And he talked of flowing streams ;
 The little cabin echoed
 With the murmuring of his dreams.

His little grandson wondered,
 As he stood beside the bed,
 And listened to the talking,
 And the strange, odd things he said

The infant's heart was troubled,
 For he thought it "wasn't right"
 To sing and talk so strangely,
 With a face so full of light!

He went beyond the doorway,
 Where he knelt in earnest pray'r;
 Right through the blue of heaven,
 In the cool and silent air,
 Upwent the childish sorrow
 To the mercy seat of God.

The old man's cause thus pleaded,
 He arose up from the sod,

And went into the cabin,
 Where the old man lay so still;
 Caressed by baby fingers,
 Once again an earthly thrill
 Went through the dying body
 As he answered with a smile;
 The childish face grew brighter,
 Though it trembled all the while.

He left the form so silent,
 While he knelt again in pray'r;
 'Twas then the angel blest him,
 As he knelt so earnest there.
 From out a hand there floated,
 Till it rested at his side,
 A little purple flower,
 And it nestled there in pride.

The old man threw it earthward,
 As his spirit soared away,—
 It was the angel's token
 Of a new-born brighter day.

And thus was sent from Heaven,
 From the pure, white hand of Hope,
 The purple, star-eyed flower
 Of the fragrant heliotrope.

Whene'er a prayer is wafted
 To the throne of God above,
 From hearts sincere and earnest
 For the soul of one they love,
 This lovely flower springeth,
 Like a sunbeam through the gloom,
 And, scarce the prayer is ended,
 Till it somewhere bursts in bloom.



Which?

“ Will you live by the quick or dead ? ”
 Curious, questioned I,
 As a maid o'er her lover shed
 Tears that were soon to dry ;
 And her answer so swiftly flew,—
 “ I'll to my love be true ! ”
 In a year when I asked again,
 Slowly she answered then :

 “ Should we live by the mould'ring clay
 Under the graveyard sod ?
 Shall we grope our benighted way,
 Shadowed till life is trod ?
 Shall we call a dark cloud of dread
 Up from death's clammy bed,
 Till the chill of its reeking mold
 Wraps us within its fold ? ”

Then I asked of a widowed wife,
 When a few years had sped,
 Were the threads of her severed life
 Held by the quick or dead ?
 She replied, "In my memory
 Dear are the dead to me !
 Shall I live by their fleshless sway,
 Flushing in life's heyday ?"

But she said, in the latter years
 After her youth had fled,
 "O'er our joys a light film veers,
 Breathed by the pulseless dead ;
 And our loved that are laid away,
 Float from their furrowed clay !
 And the flame of all new-found bliss
 Chills in their jealous kiss !"

Then I questioned an aged dame,
 Crowned with a snow-white head,
 And her answer in sadness came :
 "Swiftly life's sands have sped !
 Ah, the dead, they are cherished dear,
 Dearer as they come near !
 Yet I yearn with a heart that's sick,—
 Yearn for the loving quick !

"But the dead,—how they hover nigh,
 Close to my blanching face !
 'You must come ! you must come !' they cry,—
 'Come to our cold embrace !'
 How they laugh at our fear and dread !—
 They of the fearless dead !
 'Tis the dead to the dying call,—
 They that are ruling all !"

Marguerite

Oh, tangled tresses of waving light,
 So wayward and wildly forlorn,
 Framing in with thy golden strands,
 A face like the eastern morn !

Divinest eyes of translucent blue,
 A gift that the angels have sent,
 Gazing out on this lovely world
 In innocent wonderment !

A trackless star from the studded dome,
 That flew to our wondering land,
 Earthward borne in thy eager flight,
 To join our earthly band !

Oh, not more fair is the snow-white flower
 We christened for thee, little sweet ;
 Pure as pearl, with its heart of gold,
 The radiant marguerite !

Oh, Marguerite ! May thy days be all
 As bright as thy beautiful youth ;
 Ever shine from thine eyes so blue
 The radiant soul of truth !



My Beloved's Eyes

Beautiful orbs of liquid light !
 Flashing beams of electrical fire !
 Thy rays put evil shadows to flight,
 And prove base passion's funeral pyre.
 Oh, they shine on me with a light divine,
 And awake in my soul a fear,
 So innocent, pure and dear,—
 Should I dare to call them mine ?

Beautiful eyes, belov'd and true !
 Guiding stars through the journey of life !
 Beloved eyes that shine as I woo,
 And banish the shades of worry and strife.
 A fount of bliss is their light to me ;
 Oh, their depths I would test if I durst ;
 I'd drink with a lover's thirst,
 And be happy eternally.

Wonderful eyes ! That stay with me !
 Peeping out through my toil each hour.
 Companions dear,—none dearer can be,
 Nor wield a stronger psychical pow'r !
 They have checked my steps on the brink of sin,
 And my hands in temptations stayed ;
 Their eloquent muteness arrayed,
 Doth from passion the vict'ry win.

Beautiful eyes ! I love so well,
 Draw thee close that I may searchingly gaze
 To read the fate my beloved shall tell,
 Clear mirrored there, untarnished by haze !
 Ah, beloved eyes, can I trust my own ?
 'Tis myself, in thine eyes divine !
 And thou,—thou dost shine in mine !
 Ah, beloved eyes ! Mine own !



“I Don’t Care!”

“I don’t care” went travelling along

In a happy, careless way,

Whistling and singing a jolly song,

And laughing the livelong day:

“Who’d be sad or grumble and moan

In a place so full of bliss?

Fie! upon those who will sigh and groan

In a jolly old world like this!”

So he flitted on like a bird,

As it flits from tree to tree;

Ever the same was the song I heard,—

A discordant jar to me!

“Oh, the world is jolly and gay,

And a living owes to all!

Merrily sing, for the world will pay,

If you only upon her call!”

In the kindest, friendliest voice,

“I don’t care” called out to me;

Heeded not I, for I’d made my choice,

And I turned from his company.

’Tis a good and jolly old world,

But she keeps a reckoning day;

Grimly she smiles when the scroll’s unfurled

And her creditors call for pay!

“I don’t care” kept on his own way,

And he neither toiled nor spun;

Somehow he thrived, and was always gay,

And his life was a merry one.

But when Wisdom spoke, “I don’t care”

Was amused at foolish fears,

Answering her with a careless air:

“What’s the odds in a hundred years?”

So I left the gay "I don't care,"
 And I toiled with earnest hands ;
 Willing old world with a ready air,
 Made a response to my bold demands.
 In the after years of my life,
 When the sands were running low,
 Garnered the sheaves of my toil and strife,
 And I'd reaped what the toilers sow,
 I was riding out on the road
 On a sunny summer day,
 Close to the walls of the poor's abode,
 Where they finish their checkered way.
 There I saw the decrepit and lame,
 And the bowed old forms of age,—
 Saw in their eyes a regretful shame,
 As they glanced from the well-worn page !
 And I rode right on through the field,
 Where the stronger were at work ;
 Charity's crust she will seldom yield,
 If the pleader her duties shirk.
 As I gazed and loosened the lines,
 "I don't care" looked up in alarm,—
 Picking the fruit from the bending vines
 In the field of the Poor-House farm !



Baby's Dead

Voices whisper gently,
 And footsteps lightly tread
 In the sombre stillness,—
 Baby's dead !

Snow-white baby blossom,
 That lies so still and cold,
 Gathered by the reaper,
 Grim and bold !

Coffined in the tresses,
 That crown the golden head,
 Mother's dreams lie buried,—
 Baby's dead !

Passers-by are saddened,
 When told the message dread,
 Told by flutt'ring ribbons,—
 Baby's dead !

Past the mournful portal
 Is hushed each merry tone ;
 Pray'r springs up with pity,—
 "Spare my own !"

Brooding shadows thicken
 Whence late the spirit fled,
 Murmuring as they gather,
 "Baby's dead !"

Eyes grow round and earnest ;
 All trace of mirth is fled,
 As the children whisper,—
 "Baby's dead !"

Awed and strangely silenced,
 As first their young feet stand
 'Neath the shade of Death's dim
 Border land !

Conscious of the power
 Its nameless terrors shed ;
 Each to each in wonder,—
 "Baby's dead !"

Gentle faces linger
 Above the casket bed,
 Where God's priceless jewel,—
 Baby's dead !

Gleaming angels hover
 Beside the satin bier,
 To the anguished mother
 Drawing near.

Soothing bitter sorrow,
 They chant around her head,
 "Lord, thy will be done!" Though
 Baby's dead !

Scatter fairest flowers,
 Where rests the pillow'd head ;
 Let their fragrance whisper,—
 "Baby's dead!"

Fairest budding blossoms,
 That bloom on earth below,
 Pure as new-born flakes of
 Drifting snow !

Incense meet to tender
 With angel's censers shed,
 Earth with heaven mingling,—
 Baby's dead !



Two Windows

I know two wonderful windows of light,
 Whose opallent beams are my dearest delight ;
 I love to watch all their radiant rays,
 And oft on their splendor I earnestly gaze.

In casement rare and of wondrous design,
 They rest in a suitable, beautiful shrine ;
 No mullioned dream, by the architects graced,
 E'er rivalled the curves that above them are traced.

The house is grand, of symmetrical shape,
 As ever was gauged by an architect's tape ;
 'Tis wondrous fair, but the windows are few ;
 In fact you will find that there are but two.

Their curtains are of the snowiest white,
 And trimmed with a fringe that is blacker than night ;
 They sometimes fall when I'm gazing too strong ;
 I then turn away lest they stay so too long.

So oft I gaze while the light o'er them climbs.—
 To you I will tell what I see there at times:
 Four forms there come to these windows of mine,
 That beam out on me with a varying shine.

Two forms in white, that are oftenest there,
 Are forms that are beautiful beyond compare ;
 They cast a soft, opalescent-like glow,
 That comforts my heart in its bitterest woe.

They beam with joy, and they smile when I smile ;
 They weep when I weep, and are sad all the while ;
 They beckon with hands that are stainless as snow,
 And call me in tones that are thrillingly low.

Their shining eyes are so warm and so chaste,
 Of paradise here they're the sweetest foretaste ;
 They've won my love with their innocent art,
 And ever from them I, reluctant, depart.

Two other forms to these windows there come,—
 I'm glad 'tis not oft, for they're savage and glum ;
 In sableine garments, encircled in flame,
 They glare out at me in a frenzy of shame.

Their raging scorn and their fiery wrath
 Are fierce as a cyclone's demolishing path ;
 Their eyes are wild and their voices wax high'r,
 Exhaling a tempest of withering fire.

They threaten me as they gesture there
 Like fiends fierce, of incarnate despair ;
 My heart grows sad when these rebels I see,
 And grieves for the banished in deep sympathy.

I know the others will come back again
 And smooth from my brow every trace of my pain ;
 For brief is the stay of these forms that I hate,
 So, still by my windows I lovingly wait !



In a Church

I sat alone in a church,
 As the evening shadows fell,
 And heard the angelus ring
 From the silver-throated bell.
 A nimbus of amethyst light
 From the vigiled tapers leapt,
 And streamed o'er altar and niche,
 As the shadows denser crept.

A softened reverie stole
 Through the wint'ry twilight's gloom,
 And peopled every pew
 With the dwellers of the tomb.
 I saw the friends of my youth,
 As they came in silent file,
 And took their usual place
 In their own accustomed aisle.

With them I knelt once again,
 And I noted every grace,
 That charmed my innocent youth
 In each dear, familiar face.
 I met the glance of a few,
 Who were dearer than the rest ;
 Whose tender smile sent a thrill
 Through my happy, peaceful breast.
 The service hour had come,
 And subdued the patt'ring rush ;
 All hearts were turned to the shrine,
 In a soft, expectant hush !
 But lo ! from the sanctuary door
 Came no priest in robes of white,—
 'Twas but the sexton who came
 With his wand of waxen light.
 He chased the shadows away
 And dispelled my reverie ;
 The empty pews were all left
 To the sexton and to me.
 'Twas but an echo from youth,
 With its trembling chord of tears,
 That floated out in the gloom,
 Through the chastening frosts of years !



My Friend

Amid the whirl of pleasure's giddy train,
 My trusting heart found foolish, fond delight,
 And with all bright frivolities bedight,
 Upheld with confidence her regal reign,
 Nor dreamed it held aught false, deceptive, vain !
 My vision, blurred, confused with garish light,

In darkest grief regained its stricken sight,
 And saw the falsity through tears of pain.
 Each brilliant flatterer right swiftly fled
 From joyless gloom; but one returned to me

From out the past, unsought, soft tears to blend
 In watch with me beside my silent dead ;
 And in that lonely night of misery—

Though long estranged,—I learned to know my friend !



De Profundis

A PRAYER

Out of the depths, oh Lord, I cry !
 Smitten into the dust I lie ;
 Harsh disappointments, close and fast,
 'Whelm me in their icy blast.
 Listen, oh Lord, and hear my cry,
 Lest in despair I madly die !
 Suffering Master, thou didst know
 Bitterer depths of anguished woe !
 Prayed that the chalice pass away,—
 So unto thee I humbly pray.
 Let not my cry be breathed in vain,
 Thou who hast suffered mortal pain !
 Take from my lips this bitter cup !
 Stretch out thy hand and raise me up !
 Yet, oh my Saviour, Lord divine,
 Humbly my will submits to thine !
 Drowning in waves of misery,
 Master, my Master, save thou me !
 Out of the depths wherein I lie,
 Answer, oh Lord, my stricken cry !
 Take from my lips this bitter cup !
 Stretch out thy hand and raise me up !

Father Damien

Out from humanity's prison hell

Floated deep moans of hopeless despair,
Wrung from sad hearts in a tortured knell ;
Borne on the stolid, leprous air ;
Wafted along like a raven crew,
Shrcuding the sun in Heaven's blue !

Damien heard, and the echoed moan

Swept through his soul a torrent of flame ;
Borne on the breath of the sobbing tone,
Voices from God in whispers came !
Voices that spoke of a dreadful theme, .
Worse than a fiend's ghoulis dream.

Deep in his blood was the message burned,

Quivering beneath the terrible brand,
Back to its fount with a shiver turned,
Trembling beneath the master's hand,
Reckoning all of the fearful cost,
Asked for these souls despairing, lost !

Smiling, he turned from the land he knew,

Turned to the leper's land of despair,
Wistfully gazing his last adieu !

Turned to that charnel's seething air,
Answ'ring swift to his master's call,
Giving to love his life, his all !

Terrible forms in the shadows stept,

Spectres that made the senses recoil,
Into the dreams of the sleepers crept,
Weaving a daily tightening coil.
Woefulest land, where at every turn .
Horrible visions scorch and burn !

Into this land of lurid death,
 Answ'ring the voice that Jesus had sent,
 Mingling his life with each fetid breath,
 Knowing his doom,—he bravely went.
 Shepherd of Christ, thy appointed way
 Close to the waves of Marah lay !

Fanning bright faith in each dying heart,
 Till the pure flames that flickered so low,
 Up from the deadening embers start,
 Bidding its warm diffusive glow
 Banish the spectres of fierce despair,
 Surging in sickening thickness there.

Beining o'er forms with a loving care ;
 Shunned by the friends once dearest and best;
 Spreading peace in the wretched air ;
 Minist'ring to the restless—rest !
 Bringing the light of a shining grace
 Into each cankered, ghastly face.

Snatching their souls from a damning despair ;
 Healing the fierce, dark spasms of hate ;
 Changing the curse to a contrite pray'r ;
 Calming the fears of a nearing fate ;
 Work that was meet for a priestly vow ;
 Gems that befit a martyr's brow.

Seraph of light to that darkened isle !
 Rift in the sky of terrible gloom !
 Sparkle of hope ! For a fleeting while
 Lighting the depths of that living tomb !
 Doing the work of thy priestly hands !
 Watching the flow of thy ebbing sands !

Seeds of our faith from thy lonely grave,
 Far in that arid, desolate isle,

Floating along o'er the ocean wave,
 Come like the ghost of thy sweet smile,
 Into our hearts from thy life divine,
 Seeds of the fire that burnt in thine !

Ne'er shalt thou trail in the lowly dust,
 Standard of Christ ! Of faith that is ours !
 Cherished and held as a sacred trust,
 High over all sublimely tow'rs.
 Ne'er shalt thou stoop in that humbling kiss,
 Borne by such hero priests as this !



The Drunkard's Song

Fill higher ! higher !
 Up to the brim !
 Let the rosy sparkles
 Kiss the uppermost rim !

How they rush, and tumble, and chase each other,
 Surging about like living things !
 Each globuled heart in tuneful whispers,
 Like a cymbal rings !

Fill higher ! higher !
 Up with the tide !
 Let the blood-stained waters
 Mark no ebb to their ride !

Let the warm, red waves of Nepenthe's vintage
 Drown dark thought in deluged flow !
 Then higher fill ! We'll woo the syrens
 In the depths below.

Ah, lower ! lower !
 Down with the tide !
 As it rises upward,
 Lower ! lower I glide !

Though I hear the hiss of the billows foaming,
 Surging above my sinking soul,—
 Fill higher still ! Here's bold defiance
 To their threat'ning roll !



Our Baby

A laughing, dancing sprite,
 That fills our house with joy,
 And thrills our hearts with foolish dreams
 For darling baby boy !

What if his tiny hands
 New mischief find each day,
 And into Babel turns the house,
 When baby deigns to play !

What if he beats the drum
 And loudly toots his horn,
 O'er blocks and chairs in martial line
 Our dignity is shorn !

What if this autocrat
 Our reading pulls aside,
 While through our hair and loved mustache
 The baby fingers glide !

What if at midnight's hour
 He yells in coliced pain,
 To stop the noise we trot the floor,
 But walk and trot in vain !

What if our hearts are tried
 By mishaps oft and dire,
 Still of our darling baby boy
 We never, never tire !

Ah, lone and sad the hours
 That know no baby dear !
 The heart has lost its sweetest joy
 That clasps no baby near !

Tho' patient love is taxed
 By tricks of fingers bold,
 We'd not exchange our baby boy
 For mines of shining gold !



The Transfiguration

Softly the evening's shadows fell
 Over the hills of Galilee !
 Sweetly the daylight's dying knell
 Sounded o'er vale, o'er slope and sea !
 As to Mt. Thabor, high and drear,
 Silently drew four men to pray:
 Peter and James, and John most dear,
 Praying with Christ at close of day !

Jesus, our Lord ! In humble pray'r !
 Kneeling in lordly majesty ;
 Humblest of all so humble there !
 Ruler of kings, of earth and sea,
 Calling on God for help and strength !
 Knowing the full and bitter meed,
 Waiting his footsteps' measured length ;
 Asking for help in sorest need !

Over them fell a softened light,
 Streaming in silv'ry shower unspun,
 Lustrous as snow Christ's garments white,
 Dazzling his face as noonday sun !

Low came his voice to Peter's ear,
 Quick went the faithful soul's reply:
 "Lord, it is good for us to be here!"
 Scarce had he ceased, a vision nigh
 Burst on his startled, wondering sight,
 Standing by Christ two forms were seen
 In the soft glow of circling light:
 Moses, in clouds whose veiling sheen
 Tempered celestial beauty's breath;
 Close at his side Elias came,—
 Glorified flesh that knew not death,
 Tinging the clouds with mortal flame!
 Down from the sky a golden wave,
 Gleaming in gold and silvered blue,
 Kissing the Master's brow so grave,
 Over them all its glory threw!
 Out from the waving brightness came
 Clearly a voice, whose melody
 Shot through each heart like holy flame,
 Quivering with sweetest sympathy:
 "This is my son! who pleaseth me!
 Mine most belov'd! Hear ye him!"
 Gazing in awe these holy three
 Drank from the vision's gloried brim,
 Drank till they fell confused, amazed,
 Falling prostrate, unconscious, awed!
 Jesus them touched, they rose and gazed;
 Gone was the cloud that held their God!
 Roused by the touch of Jesus' hand,
 Calmed by his voice their trembling fears,
 Down from the mount that little band
 Went to their fate of woe and tears!

Yet in the years, so lone and tried,
 Came to them oft Christ's pale sweet face,—
 Just as they saw it glorified,—
 Filling their souls with patient grace !



Scotty's Thanksgiving

Around the office gathered
 A dozen boys or less,
 All waiting for the papers
 From out the evening press,
 When up spoke one bright fellow,
 And hushed the chatt'ring noise:
 “I s’pose I needn’t tell you
 To-morrow is Thanksgiven’, boys !

“ For that’s a fact, I’m certain
 That all you fellers knew ;
 There’s none of us forgettin’
 The spread we’re goin’ to.
 For some of us been dreamin’
 A fortnit—mebbe more—
 About the temptin’ dinner
 Our bosses hev in store.

“ I want to mention sumthin’
 The crowd hed most forgot:
 Now, this Thanksgiven’ dinner,
 We’re missing little Scot ;
 It seems, somehow onnateral
 Thet we should all forget
 We loved the little feller,
 And made the mite our pet.

"So I've ben thinkin' sumthin'
 To prove our hearts are true,
 And so he'll know that Scotty's
 Remembered still by you.
 He's dead?—Well what's the diff'rence
 He'll know it just the same,
 And he'll be mighty tickled
 To think we called his name.

"And though we can't do nothin'
 For Scot, our little pet,
 We'll try to help his mother,
 To show we don't forget.
 For she is poor and lonely,
 And stiff with rheumatiz',
 A-settin', cryin',—mebbe—
 To think where Scotty is!

"Now *her* Thanksgiven' dinner
 Comes from us paper boys,
 And so we'll take subscriptions
 Widout much furder noise.
 But let me also mention
 Right here as we begin,
 This gang has got no use for
 The chaps that won't chip in!"

 But every boy right manly
 Stept forth and gave his share,
 Until to buy that dinner
 Was plenty and to spare.
 Then each went off to duty,
 Deliv'ring papers all,
 And faithfully returning
 To wait their leader's call.

Then marching all together,
 Equipped with goodly store,
 They marched with solemn faces,
 And rapped upon the door.
 Unto the widow's answer,
 Went in, in martial file,
 Presenting her their bundles
 With courtly grace and style.

“This here is your Thanksgiven’ ”
 The smiling speaker said ;
 “It’s from us paper fellows,
 Because our Scotty’s dead.
 You see, we’d like to show him
 Us fellows don’t forget,
 And so’s we help his mother,
 He’ll know we love him yet ! ”



Lines

WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM

’Tis said that once our paths have crossed,
 The friendship formed is never lost ;
 And though diverging far and wide,
 We meet again “beyond the tide.”

Thus bound by friendship’s holy spell,
 In mem’ry’s temple I would dwell.
 If lurks perchance one prisoned dart,
 Forgive the hot, impassioned heart.

For every action, great or small,
 One high desire governed all.
 Rememb’ring this,—forget the rest !
 And gently say, “She did her best ! ”

Two Travelers

Two travelers trod the path of life,
 And trilled meanwhile a merry lay ;
 Its joyous cadence, light and free,
 Beguiled and soothed their weary way.

At length they reached a mountain side,
 Where wound a roadway from its base ;
 Here Fame held out her shining hands,
 And beckoned them with smiling face.

All round her glowed a wond'rous light ;
 Refulgent rays in sparkling gleams,
 Shot out from winding mountain curves,
 To rouse the spirit's wildest dreams.

Far o'er the distant summit shone
 A halo cloud of streaming gold,
 Whose burnished flames, like breathing fire,
 Inspired the soul with courage bold !

Led onward by this holy fire,
 They left the lowland path behind,
 To follow in the glowing light,
 And round the mountain roadway wind.

Tho' falt'ring oft o'er stony ways,
 Those shining arms and smiling face
 But pointed to the summit's crown,
 And won them on to quickened pace.

Midway upon the mountain road,
 A verdant landscape met their eye ;
 Here Cupids dwelt 'mid flowers and ease,
 And drained the bliss from hours that fly.

Here Love held out her rosy hands,
 And beckoned to the weary hearts,
 Inviting them to sweet repose,
 And wooing from ambition's arts.

The travelers paused, delighted, gazed

Upon the lovely scene of bliss, ·

And one, with lover's ardent zeal,

Endowed her hands with lover's kiss.

" Oh, Love ! " he cried, " with thee I'll stay ;

Content to live, to die with thee !

Thy smile, my life—thine arms, my world !

Oh, wondrous Love ! But love thou me ! "

The other gazed and turned on Fame,

Whose glitt'ring smile upon him beamed :

" Divinest mistress of my soul,

For thee I toil ;—of thee I dreamed !

Tho' ambushed perils lie in wait,

My heart defies all base alarms,

And boldly scales the mountain steep,

To seek its heaven in thy arms ! "

O'er slipp'ry stones and rough hewn ways,

The mountain's height he gained at last ;

He stood beneath the gloried crown,

Its streaming splendor round him cast.

The hallowed praise from wond'ring crowds,

With scented incense wrapped him round ;

The murmured music's rhythmic thrill

Pulsating joy's celestial sound.

And then he turned with eager warmth,

A lover's ardor on his brow,

Those shining arms his own would greet ;

That smiling face would bless him now !

The flimsy Vision mocked his grasp,

And standing on the summit there,

He caught a phantom to his breast,

And pressed his lips to scented air !

Perseus

'Neath the cloudless skies of fair Seriphos,
 Young Perseus weaved ambition's dream,
 And revelled in the glorious dyes,
 While floating along in its limpid stream.

For his youthful soul aglow with its fire,
 Was hung'ring for deeds both fierce and great !

" Oh, mighty Zeus ! and Pallas !" he cried,
 " Let valorous deeds be my life and fate ! "

For Medusa's head the treacherous King
 Sent Perseus forth on willing quest,
 As weary, worn, and far from his home,
 He lay on enchanted ground to rest,

At his side bright Pallas-Athene stood,
 And spoke to the youth in thrilling tones:

" Dost seek great deeds ? Why tarryest here ?
 Fly back ! where thy mother weeps and moans ! "

" To the monster's lair, oh, point me the way !
 Great deeds I would do, though doing, die !
 Ah, turn me not away from the quest ;
 My soul is afire ! no weakling am I ! "

" Dost thou think no deeds of valor or might,
 Unless done afar in battling strife ?
 Arise ! and back to Danaë fly !
 Thy arm, though a stripling's, saves her life ! "

With the words he woke ; to Seriphos hied,
 Where Danaë dwelt in fear and dread ;
 His mother freed from evil designs,—
 He then went to seek the Gorgon's head

With a glass from Pallas, clearly to see
 The face that might turn his own to stone ;

A sickle bright from Hermes he bore ;
 A cap that would make his presence unknown ;
 And a pair of sandals, winged and light,
 Fair Nymphs bent to tie upon his feet.
 Once more he went, with Athene's smile,
 Adventures and mighty deeds to meet.

By the gods equipped he wandered afar,
 And blazoned his shield with deeds of fame ;
 He pierced Medusa's hideous lair,
 And back with her head, a hero came !

Though ambition's cup was filled to the brim,
 And earth sung his praise and great renown ;
 Though loud hosannas, soaring aloft,
 Entwined with the conqu'ring hero's crown ;

Not a prouder deed escutcheon e'er bore,
 Nor shone with a brighter, greater light,
 Than did the youthful Perseus when
 He fought for his mother's trampled right.

Though we sigh and dream of glory and fame,
 And far on the quest for laurels roam,
 Great deeds there are much nearer our hands,
 To lift off the cares from hearts at home !



The Last Kiss

In the dusk and gloom of a silent room,
 Through a blinding mist of tears,
 Where a fiery blast thro' my soul was cast
 In a sword of flaming fears ;
 And a fierce despair through the shadowed air,
 In a mocking whisper strayed,

Charity

DEDICATED TO C. L. A. S.

Man's dearest gift art thou, sweet Charity !
 Celestial ministrant, whose name is Love !
 Immaculate and tender as a dove !
 Within the soul-elect possessed by thee,
 Thou kindlest vestal flames of sympathy,
 Whose sacred fire descending from above,
 Irradiates on all its supreme love,
 Encircling all within Divinity.
 The fallen sons of earth are not bereft,
 Though winged evils 'scaped Pandora's box,
 No loss can make of man's a sad estate,
 While Charity and blessed Hope are left :
 Celestial friends unbarred by Mammon's locks,
 Who share and soothe each mortal's checkered fate.

Thou art no slave, nor diplomatic sage,
 Dissembling in no high nor servile guise ;
 The common lot of all is thy emprise,
 The common weal of all thy tutelage.
 No war of favors doth thy white hands wage ;
 The poorest waif or clod beneath the skies,
 Finds knightly favor in thy gentle eyes ;
 Thy soft caress a boon for youth and age ;
 Thou fair handmaid of Christ, supernal fount
 Of love, thy tears, like fadeless asphodels,
 Bestrew life's rugged path with fragrant grace.
 Our solaced hearts forgetting oft to count
 The many painful scars life's record tells,
 Beguiled to patient trust by thy sweet face !

Erina

Erina, princess fair,
 A hapless captive lay ;
 Her wondrous beauty Albion saw,
 And stole her for his prey.

A prize not lightly won,
 For many brave men fell
 To save Erina's honor from
 This tyrant's cruel spell.

He sought to win her love
 By words and promise fair,
 To make her mistress of his heart,
 With raiment rich and rare.

A haughty spirit hers,
 That answered him in scorn :
 " I give you hate ! to give you less,
 My soul would be forsworn."

To crush her pride he vowed ;
 A slave he made her be ;
 A menial drudge for slavish work ;
 A cruel master he.

But still her pride uncrushed,
 Her scorn and hate untamed,
 Had throbbed one pulse with aught save hate,
 Her soul had fled ashamed !

For many years she bore
 The cruel badge of slave,
 This child of kings, this queen of maids,
 Forlorn, yet true and brave.

In visions sweet she saw
 Her own, her lovely isle,
 Rise like a bride from out the sea
 With peaceful, happy smile.

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Her own, her lovely isle,

Rise like a bride from out the sea

With peaceful, happy smile.

These dreams were all the joy
 That blessed her wretched life ;
 They raised the flickering spark of hope,
 Foreboding ended strife ;
 With courage filled her soul,
 To bear her wrongs resigned,
 Till God or man should set her free
 From Albion's yoke unkind.

Devices, harsh and low,
 He urged to break her will ;
 But deeply rooted in her heart,
 The pride of kings was still ;
 " My body captive hold,
 My soul, my will is free ;
 Though slavery's shackles bind me now,
 Think not I'll yield to thee ! "

By scorn to madness stung,
 He struck Erina down !
 Unmanly act, a tyrant's deed,
 A blotch in Albion's crown.
 A free born Knight was near
 And saw the cruel blow ;
 He gently raised Erina up,
 And staunched the red blood's flow.

" By eyes of thine so blue,
 Thy hair of shining gold,
 By martyr's blood of mother land,
 My flag, and thine so old,
 I swear that every wrong
 Of thine avenged shall be,
 Thy bondage cease, thy fetters loosed,
 And thou again be free ! "

He called his yeomen brave ;
 In eager rush they came
 From east, to west, with willing hearts
 To pay the score of shame.
 Though Albion struggled hard
 To keep his stolen gem,
 'Twas freemen crowned Erina's brow
 With Freedom's diadem !

“ Arise ! Erina fair !
 And dry those starry eyes.
 My love ! My love ! Ah, smile again
 Beneath thy own dear skies !

Thy shining hair entwine
 With sparkling gems most rare,
 And on thy bosom snowy pearls,
 My love, so pure, so fair ! ”

This prince of warriors
 Erina's love has won ;
 Right gladly she'll become his bride
 At dawn of Freedom's sun !

The homage and the love
 Of loyal hearts and free,
 Shall bless the bond, Erina dear,
 Uniting us to thee !



The King of Shadows

Out of the darkness the shadows come,
 Softly and stealthily drawing near,—
 Nearer and nearer till misty gray
 Into the midnight has banished day.
 Deeper and denser the shades appear,
 Filling our souls with recoiling fear.

Round us and upwards the shadows roll
 Out from the deeps of the vast unknown :
 Shadows that come like a midnight foe,
 Wrapping our hearts in dark fear and woe ;
 Shades that enfold us in gloom alone,
 With their sad voices' sepulchral moan.

Messengers sent from the shadow land ;
 Couriers fleet of the shadow king,
 Bearing a message that each must hear,
 Bowed in submission or palsied fear,
 Peace or all Stygian horrors bring,
 These the dread messengers of the king.

Steadily denser the shadows grow,
 Slowly encircling us one by one ;
 Robbing our joy of its brightest light ;
 Sinking it all in eternal night ;
 Shadowing pleasures yet scarce begun ;
 Forging a darkness we fain would shun.

Deeper the gathering darkness grows,
 Swiftly obeying the king's behest ;
 Shadows are fleet to that charnel feast,
 Life being victim and Death the priest ;
 Trembling the guise of each summoned guest,
 Blanched with affright, in terror drest.

Fleeter and swifter the shadows roll,
 Swiftly and fleet when the king draws near ;
 Deeper and denser, until their breath
 Drowns in the blackness of royal Death ;
 Garment most meet for a king so drear,
 Is the dark shroud of a shudd'ring fear.

Into the heart of the murky depths,
 Softly there flashes a beam of light,

Beacon of hope in a noisome tomb,
 Silvery rift in the smoth'ring gloom.
 Promise and pledge in the sky of night,
 Guiding the soul in its lonely flight.

Sign of our faith that has conquered death,
 Show us Thy light in that dreary day !
 Piercing the gloom of that dreadful hour,
 Breaking the shadow king's awful pow'r !
 Cross of our Christ ! Let thy sil'vry ray
 Save us and guide thro' that darksome way !



○ Salutaris Postia !

Life's burden seemed too great to bear ;
 My weary brain in mad despair
 Resolved to break the chain
 Of cruel fate that held me fast,
 Beneath the lash of woe and pain,
 Till faith and hope were past.

The stars looked down in pity mild
 Upon the waters, wide and wild ;
 The waves in sportive glee
 Gave promise sweet of peace and rest ;
 A peaceful slumber promised me
 Upon the river's breast.

A distant church rang out its chime,
 Reminding all 'twas vesper time,
 Its music calling me
 From eager death's approaching tread,
 Whence glist'ning fingers beck'ned me
 To ocean's chilly bed.

Within the church I stood apart
 With sullen and despairing heart,
 Nor deigned to bend the knee,
 But stood in gloomy silence there ;
 The one dark thought—from life to flee—
 So strong, it seemed a pray'r !

“ Oh Saving Host ! ” an Angel sang ;
 “ O *sal-u-tar-is* ! ” clear it rang ;
 It thrilled my darkened soul,
 As standing thus in dull despair ;
 A draught of hope,—I drank the whole,
 Yet bended not to pray'r.

“ Oh Saving Host ! ” was sung again ;
 “ O *sal-u-tar-is* ! ” sweet refrain ;
 Then hushed was every sound ;
 In humblest pray'r each head was bent ;
 Full many graces there were found,
 And peace to all was sent.

I stood till sound of tinkling bell ;
 On bended knees then humbly fell.
 “ Oh, Saving Host ! ” I cried ;
 “ In pity save and guide my life !
 Deny me not ; my strength I've tried—
 And fainted in the strife ! ”

I left the church with lightened heart,
 Took up my cross and bore my part.
 From ills tho' never free,
 The mem'ry of the song that night,
 “ Oh, Saving Host ! ” upholdeth me,
 And maketh all things light !

A Soul's Remonstrance

TO MY BELOVED FRIEND, MRS. E. T. Y. PARKHURST

Why weep ye, friends ? Why grieve ye thus for me ?
 Whose soul unbound by cerements of earth,
 Uprises glad and free,
 Exultant in its own celestial birth.
 Why make ye this transition men call death,
 A veiled distortion of destroying fears ?
 Its dreaded name with trembling breath,
 The Moloch of your sacrificial tears ?
 Such grief were meet if God were not,—
 If God were not !

Weep not, weep not, above my coffined clay !
 Rejoice that from the mortal chrysalis
 The soul has soared away !
 Spend not your tears upon a shell like this !
 Its purpose served, resigning to the tomb,
 Rejoice ye, with the liberated soul.
 Ah, not in sadness, not in gloom !
 Regret the spirit freed from earth's control !
 Such grief might be if death were all,—
 If death were all !



Tim

Within a grove assembled
 Upon a festal day,
 A mighty throng of people
 In holiday array.
 ' Mid games and feats athletic,
 A pole stood, stern and proud,
 And waved a bold defiance
 Unto the gazing crowd.

A host of ardent heroes
 Came forth with flashing eyes,
 To scale the dizzy summit,
 And win the champion's prize.
 Despite all gallant efforts
 To touch the burnished ball,
 Each brave, ambitious failure
 Bemoaned his slipp'ry fall.

While lulled the aspirations,
 Contentious, vain and high,
 A piping voice inquired :
 " Please, mister, kin I try ?"
 Outstepped a ragged urchin,
 With thin and eager face,
 And upward swiftly mounted
 In strong and agile grace.

His lithe, young limbs entwining
 The pole with panther bound ;
 From hand to hand increasing
 His distance from the ground ;
 He rose up, higher, higher
 Beyond his rivals all,
 While speculating thousands
 Awaited his downfall.

Up, up ! Yet slowly, slower,
 Till ceased the little feet ;
 The upturned sea of faces
 Awaiting his defeat.
 But no—again he struggles,
 Again a space ascends ;
 Then stops, while with its burden
 The tall staff slightly bends.

Was that a motion downward?—
 They watch with bated breath ;
 See ! See ! The lad is trembling,
 His thin face pale as death.
 A sudden clear-voiced message
 Rang out upon the air :
 “ Hey, Tim ! Up, up ! You’ll win it !
 Go on !—No resting there ! ”

Like warm electric currents,
 It flashed through fainting Tim,
 And upward shot the climber,
 New vigor in each limb.
 Up, up ! Still higher, higher !
 He scaled the tapering pole ;
 With firmer stroke and steady,
 Drew near the shining goal.

He stops ! Is it to weaken
 And loose his slender clasp ?
 Ah, must he lose the vict’ry
 Almost within his grasp ?
 Again that voice came ringing,
 Triumphant, firm and clear :
 “ ‘ Rah—’ Rah ! Brave Tim ! No stoppin’ ;
 Up, up ! Yer need not fear !

 “ I know thet yer kin win it !
 Strike out !—an’ up yer go ! ”

Ah, just in time that message
 Came floating from below !
 Like elixir of magic,
 It banished ev'ry pain,
 And just in time Tim's courage
 Rekindled once again.
 Again with nerves full straining,
 He clasped the dizzy pole ;
 Up, up ! The lad's last effort
 Has won the shining goal !
 As Tim's small hand extended
 In triumph o'er the ball,
 The pent-up waves of feeling,
 Unloosed from ev'ry thrall,

 Dispelled the deathly silence,
 That hung upon the crowd,
 And made the old grove tremble
 With cheers prolonged and loud.
 With elbowing and jostle,
 There issued through the ring,
 A barefoot, coatless gamin,
 Exultant as a king.
 With arms around the victor,
 He said, half-proud and shy :
 " I know'd you'd win it, cullie,
 If I could help you try ! "

Oh, may we find a comrade,
 When stern defeat is nigh,
 Whose voice shall make us victors
 By helping us to try !



Gethsemane

Across each life a hidden garden lies,
 A sombre garden made for lonely pray'r;
 And once in life each soul must enter there,—
 Must tread its solitude in dazed surprise
 In wretchedness of heart and drenching eyes.
 The spirit's desolation and despair
 The only sound that breaks the mournful air,
 In agony of supplicating cries !
 There haughty souls are humbled ; pride is slain,
 There souls the purifying draught of woe
 With anguished lips from out the chalice drain !
 This garden's solitude none can forego.
 Nay ! Nay ! Its bitter struggle each must know;
 Their hearts are harmonized by human pair !

Stronger than Death

Oh, ask me not if death can change
 The love I pledge to thee ;
 It grieves my inmost soul to know
 You hold such doubts of me.

I pledge to thee the soul of love,
 In life, in death, to-day !
 Nor brightest hopes, nor darkest fears
 Can turn that love away.

If death should snatch me from thy side
 And leave thee lonely here,
 Ah, me ! could Heaven perfect be
 Unless thy soul was near ?

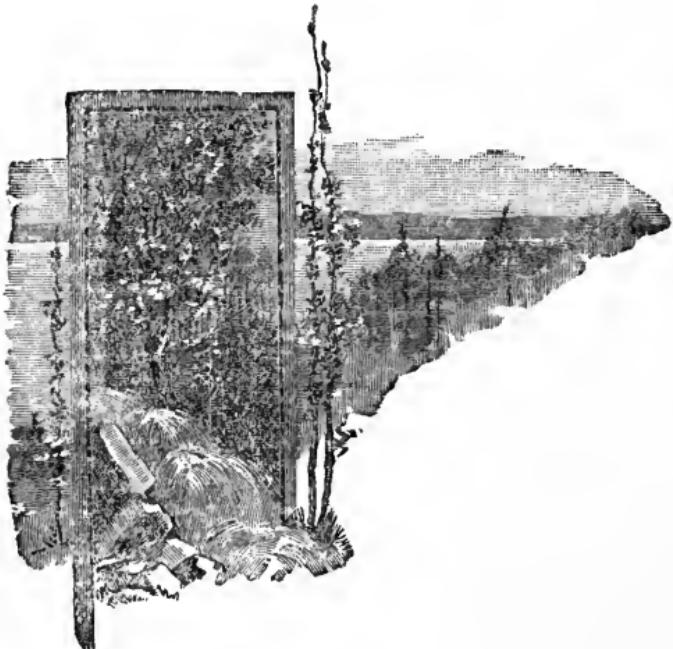
If thou should'st take my icy hand,
 And, grieving, call to me,
 My soul would come again to earth
 And softly answer thee.

If on the mold above my grave
 In wretchedness thou knelt,
 I could not rest, where'er I'd be,
 Till thou my presence felt.

The bonds of love are stronger far
 Than those of mighty death ;
 The ties that bind true loving souls
 Are not a fleeting breath.

Beyond the grave that mystic tie
Remains unsevered still,
And thou shalt feel to all thy thoughts
My soul's responsive thrill.

Then ask me not if aught can change
The love I plighted to thee ;
True love, once pledged, its fetters bind
For all eternity.



Lady Irene

Fair Lady Irene in her boudoir reclined,
 'Mid billows of satin that, shimmering, shined,
 To rival the jewels that gleamed on her hand,
 And beamed on their lady, so stately and grand.

The haughty St. Albans Irene was to wed,
 Ere Sol's fiery chariot three circuits had sped ;
 His name of the noblest, his love and his gold ;
 All into her keeping his treasures untold.

The torch that Love lighted, burned brightly and clear ;
 Its luminous rays bade a truce to all fear ;
 Secure in her love, in her hopes and her pride,
 No prouder nor fairer was ever a bride.

“A beggar is here—shall I send her away ? ”
 The servant thus spoke, and from gorgeous array
 The lady turned carelessly round ; “ Give her this
 And food ! ” Then returned to her dreaming of bliss.

“ She seeks not your gold nor your meat, so she bade
 Me say, but to speak to you now would be glad ;
 She won't be put off ! ” “ You may tell her to come ;
 I'll never refuse her a moderate sum ! ”

The beggar maid stood in her shabby attire,
 And said to the lady, “ I know you desire
 To act in all justice, so here I appeal ;
 A pleader for justice, to you I now kneel.

“ I once was beloved and was lost—dost thou hear ?
 Was lost ; far from home and from friends that are dear,
 I wander a beggar, an outcast, alone !
 And he has men’s praises, but I must atone !

“ I, too, had great beauty, and he praised it high ;
 I’m now but a wreck, e’en too wretched to die !
 He offered me gold, but I spurned it in wrath,
 And daily I’ve trodden the beggar’s hard path.

“ I ask for revenge, for the hour is now here ;
 To you I have come with my story so drear,
 And you in your purity surely won’t wed
 The man at whose hands all my honor is dead ! ”

“ Your story’s a sad one, but why come to me ?
 And pleading for vengeance ! What can it all be ?
 Thy shame and great sorrow have turned thy poor brain ;
 Here’s gold—and away ! Thou must not come again ! ”

“ Dost not understand ? At the face of his child
 Look close ! See’st proof of my story so wild ?
 These lineaments noble, so perfect and rare,
 Proclaim him most truly St. Albans’ true heir.

“ I see thou believest ; all thy color has fled ;
 Thy haughty, proud face bears the look of the dead.
 Oh lady, I pray thee, but pity my boy,
 And spare him the fate of misfortune’s sad toy ! ”

“ Away ! Thou art mad ! I have listened too long !
 Begone ! I am tired of thy maniac song !
 'Tis well thou art mad, or this dainty, white arm
 Might wreak upon thee all its deadliest harm ! ”

“ Thy heart has no pity for wretches like me ;
 No promise of justice, nor hope do I see.
 To Heaven for vengeance I'll call not in vain !
 I go—but remember we'll meet yet again ! ”

The beggar's mad story the lady's heart seared,
 Like burning hot iron with life blood besmeared ;
 And yet for the beggar no pity she knew,
 Nor cared that the iron had tortured her, too.

Right bravely she covered her wound from the light,
 And hid all her sorrow away out of sight ;
 Nor on the poor beggar was wasted a sigh,
 Forgetting—for pride and ambition were high.

From fashion's gay portal fair Lady Irene,
 To carriage in waiting, forth swept like a queen ;
 Nor saw the lone figure that crouch'd near the door,
 Till close at her side stood the beggar once more.

“ Wilt wed him to-morrow ? Oh ! answer me No !
 Then God and his angels will bless thee; I know ! ”
 “ What insolent talk—from a beggar maid, too !
 Away ! let me pass ! I am nothing to you ! ”

“Oh, woman, have pity ! Oh, think of my boy !
 Of parents who’ve tasted the last of all joy ;
 Of hearts that are broken—of hopes that are dead !
 Of lives whence the sunlight has evermore fled !”

In vain all her pleading—no pity was there,
 But loathing and scorn for the pleader’s despair.

“Can love that made me but a thing for your frown,
 Raise you to a height on which angels look down ?

“I swear by the heads that are bent in disgrace,
 By the innocent smile on this baby’s sweet face ;
 I swear by my soul—by my honor that’s fled ;
 Aye, tremble, St. Albans you never shall wed !”

The lady fell back in her cushions of ease :

“Drive on ! and keep beggars away, if you please !”
 The horses sped onward, then suddenly reared,
 A jolt—and a scream—and the beggar besmeared,

Was dragged from the street but a pitiful mass,
 Unknown and unwept by the strangers that pass.
 They passed by the window, these faces of death,
 And froze the proud heart with their ominous breath.

But now for the morrow all anxious thoughts fled—
 What reason to fear since the beggar was dead ?
 But deep in her heart was a feverish thrill—
 A look in that face has foreboded her ill !

The wedding day dawned all so bright and serene—
A glorious day for the Lady Irene.

In glimmering robes of the creamiest white,
With laces and jewels that flashed in delight,

She stood by St. Albans, so happy at last ;
No shadow of fear, nor dark thoughts of the past.
Secure in her love she stood by his side,
Awaiting the words that pronounc'd her his bride.

“ Irene wilt thou take for thy wife here to-day ? ”
For answer, a shriek, and “ Away ! Oh, away ! ”
With eyeballs distended in terror and fear,
As if a foul spectre from Hades drew near.

Outstretching his arms to ward off the dark fiend,
He fell to the ground, and his bride o'er him leaned.
Her creamy white roses to crimson were dyed,
As lips of her lover poured forth the red tide !

The wedding day sank into darkness and gloom,
From chamber of bridal to loathliest tomb !
Fair Lady Irene in her mourning alone,
Caressed the pale lips, unresponsive as stone.

Ave Marie !

Ave Marie ! guide thou my way
 'Mid thorns or flowers, safely this day.
 Oh, lighter far my sorrows shall be,
 And sweet the joys when guided by thee.
 Ave Marie ! Mother most mild !
 Look down in love and call me thy child !

Ave Marie ! star of our night !
 O'er gloomy pathways shining so bright;
 Pitfalls around—temptations within,
 Thy light shall save from darkness and sin.
 Ave Marie ! Mother most mild !
 Oh, hear my prayer and make me thy child !

**Lines**

TO MISS RHODA WHITE, ON BECOMING A SISTER OF MERCY

Thou hast turned from the world and its show,
 From the glitter half veiling the lies,
 To a peace that no worldling can know,
 Though he search o'er the earth till he dies.
 To the haven of Christ's sacred breast
 Thou hast turned full of holiest fire,
 There to find such an infinite rest
 That surpasseth thy keenest desire.

Legend of Mt. Diablo

Afar from Scotia's frowning shores,
 A daring dreamer came,—
 The mighty deeds of pioneers
 Had set his soul aflame.
 He came to join the noble band,
 Courageous, strong and bold,
 That sailed to woo the western world,
 And win its heart of gold.

Upon a verdant mountain side
 He reared his humble home ;
 No tapestry upon his walls
 Looked down with saint and gnome.
 No *ennui* breeding luxuries,
 Their weakening spell had cast ;
 The mountain sward—his tapestry,
 His wine—the mountain blast !

There hung in old baronial halls
 No sweeter pictured face,
 Than wife and children gathered round
 That humble fire-place.
 These three were all that life held dear,
 His joy and golden store ;
 For them he braved all toil and strife,
 And sought this distant shore.

What fond and foolish dreams awoke,
 When gazing on his heir !
 Aye—sun-kissed dreams, while stroking back
 His daughter's curly hair !
 Such dreams a father's blood re-fires,
 Ambitious, proud and bold ;
 Such dreams allured him here to win
 This Eldorado's gold !

Around his happy mountain home,
 They roved in merry glee,—
 The nut-brown lad, and sunny mate,
 Like birds as gaily free.
 No shade of care bedimmed their eyes ;
 No sorrow clouds in sight ;
 No shadows flitted round about,
 Foretelling coming night.

And yet the pall of cruel fate
 In mournful blackness hung,
 And soon were parents' loving hearts
 In bitter anguish wrung.
 An agony far worse than death,
 Their dreams and spirits broke ;
 A messenger of dreadful pow'r
 A darker sentence spoke.

Ah, death is not the direst fate,
 Nor filled with deepest gloom !

Some weary hearts find sweet repose
 Within the dreaded tomb.
 For there, with toil and troubles o'er,
 They lie in blessed rest ;
 Their peaceful calm no more disturbed
 By any hated guest.

The setting sun that fatal day,
 Went down with glowing smile ;
 The earth and sky in sweet content,
 Ne'er spoke of woe nor guile.
 The stars came out and calmly gazed
 On mountain's peak and side,
 And shed their light upon the home,
 Now lone since even-tide.

The mother searched from place to place,
 And called with anxious voice ;
 There came no trembling answ'ring note,
 To make her heart rejoice.
 All round about, again, again,
 She searched in eager dread ;
 No trace the wand'ring mother found,
 Revealing childish tread.

With heart bowed down in frantic grief,
 She homeward turned again,
 And prayed that God in mercy send
 Relief from rending pain.

No childish form had home returned
 To calm her mother fears ;
 Her pent-up woe found blest release
 In waves of scalding tears.

But love new hope and vigor lent ;
 No peace within the house she found ;
 So back unto her weary task,
 And out on eager round.
 The moon was shining softly bright ;
 All nature smiled serene ;
 A witching halo hovered round,
 Earth bathed within its sheen.

The sweetest fragrance filled the air
 From daisies, vines and bells ;
 These dwellers sweet of solitude,
 Whose breath their presence tells.
 The soothing, peaceful influence
 Of earth and sky above,
 Was balm that cooled the anxious soul,
 Devoured with anguished love.

For hours she toiled and searched in vain,—
 No trace of children found ;
 She called their names in vain appeal,
 Her cries the only sound.

Despairing then she homeward turned
 With fainting, weary heart,
 And struggled on with falt'ring strength,
 Yet loth to quit her part.

She fell in pray'r, despairing faint :
 " Oh, God of mercy, pray,
 But let me see my babes again,
 Nor take them thus away !"
 She felt a touch upon her fall,
 And rose in eager hope ;
 A spectral form was beck'ning her,
 And pointing up the slope.

She followed it, till sick and faint,
 Then stopped in aching pain :
 " Wouldst see thy children ?—Follow me !
 Nor cease thou once again !"
 The hollow voice like magic spell,
 Revived her failing strength ;
 She followed then her mystic guide
 All through the weary length.

Nor faltered once her tireless feet,
 Till gained the steep ascent ;
 Then pointing down the rocky cleft,
 The spectre form was bent :
 " Behold that rock, and thou shalt see
 Thy lovely children there."

She gazed far down with anxious eyes,
That pierced the shadowed air.

She turned to speak—the form was gone !
She stood in grief alone !
The night winds caught her streaming hair,
And echoed back her moan.
Once more the rocky cleft she sought,
In frenzied fierce alarms ;
The spectre stood within the cleft—
Her children in his arms !

The frantic mother loudly called
And stretched her eager hands ;
But vain appeal ! they could not hear,
Nor break those spectral bands.
The mocking laugh from demon bold
The breeze of midnight bore,
As in the mountain's rocky side
He vanished evermore !

Brave men went searching far and wide
Through ev'ry mountain way,
But found no trace of babes, or fiend,
And sadly turned away.
The parents crossed the ocean wild,
Back to their native land ;
Ambition's dream and hopes all wrecked
Upon the golden strand !

The mother's heart soon ceased to mourn ;
It broke, though strong and brave ;
Beneath the skies of Scotland's home,
She found an early grave !
While round our fireside's happy glow,
This legend we recount,
And call it since that fatal day,
Diablo !—Devil's Mount !



The Dying Magdalene

The sunset's deep'ning glow
 Through the shuttered windows creep,
 Where a woman, wan and low,
 Awakes from her troubled sleep.
 In the twilight's mystic gloom,
 Flitting forms, like spectres, float
 Around the shadowy room ;
 Flitting, they mockingly gloat,
 Whispering, whispering,
 Of the Styx and its shadowy boat !

A gilded " Palace of Sin,"
 With its hangings rich and rare ;
 But its beauty cannot win
 The girl from her dull despair.
 She is dying, dying here
 Close to sounds of vulgar mirth ;
 Despairing, fainting with fear,
 What is the glory all worth ?
 Wondering, wondering,
 If there's peace for the dying on earth ?

Sad thoughts, the ghosts of her past,
 Draw the silken curtains back,
 And such scornful glances cast,
 They torture her like a rack.
 Through the aisles of vanished years,
 Flitting visions come and go,

And drench her soul with their tears,
 Tearfully drooping so low,
 Wearily, wearily,
 'Neath the weight of the bitterest woe !

In deep and sullen despair,
 She arose and gazed in hate,
 On the room and grandeur fair.
 The air with its od'rous weight,
 Like a loathsome cobra twined,
 Crushing out her fleeting hours !
 Each gem with eyes of the reptile shined,
 Scorching her soul with their pow'rs,
 Gloatingly, gloatingly,
 As the serpent its victim devours !

She sought the truth from her glass,
 And its mirrored answer came ;
 But 'twas Death that smiled, alas !
 And gazed from that royal frame !
 As its truthful face she read,
 Falling faint in nervous fear,
 And chilled with shiv'ring dread,
 Feeling the messenger near !
 Pleadingly, prayerfully :
 ' Send not death to me here, Lord !—not *here* !'

Then down and out to the street,
 In her eager flight from shame ;

Not a head was bowed to greet,
 Though many were friends in name ;
 For a woman wronged and lost,
 Toy of Satan's idle hour,—
 A bauble carelessly tost—
 Loses her sway and pow'r ;
 Dying and withering
 With the glow of her beauty's dower !

She walked alone in the crowd,
 And its lonely bitterness,
 Like a damp and chilling shroud,
 She felt on her bosom press ;
 And from mem'ry's prison room
 Rushed the past to life again,
 And scenes came out from their tomb,
 Surging the maddened brain,
 Making her misery
 Like a decade of terrible pain !

And *he* passed close by her side
 With his wife so pure and good ;
 Though for him her honor died,
 He frowned, as she trembling stood ;
 And drew away in fear,
 Lest the robes that trailed at his feet,
 And virtue's raiment so dear,
 Those of the wicked should meet.

Fearfully, carefully,
Did the saint from the sinner retreat !

She saw the rev'ling scene,
And his draught of deadly wine,
And his lips that called her "queen,"
And jewels that treacherous shine.

Ah, the days so sweet and brief,
Passion's swiftly ending dream,

That wakes eternity's grief
Clearly in memory's beam :

Shadowy torturers
Of her ruin-wrought, feverish dream !

Now dying out in the gloom,
Not a place to rest her head !

For she spurned the gilded room,
And from its memories fled.

She had burst her prison bars,
Seeking Death's unveiled face

Beneath the pitying stars,—
Shuddering, penitent,

From the air of its stifling disgrace !

"Twas an Angel guided her flight
To a place of blessed rest,
To the home of youth's delight,
Ere guilt on her soul was prest !

Ah, 'twas many weary years,—
Glaring years of brazen fame—

Since facing out in her tears !
 Back with dishonor and shame,
 Blighted and withering,
 To the home of her innocence came.

She saw the jessamine vine
 And her own magnolia tree,
 And the placid starlight shine
 On things as they used to be ;
 While each budding tree and leaf
 Voiced a fragrant " Welcome home ! "
 To soothe the wanderer's grief.
 Home ! and to never more roam !
 Dying in peacefulness
 In the shade of her hallowed home !

She waited, breathless and weak,
 To her knock so light and low,
 And drew back too faint to speak,
 At frowns that would bid her " Go ! "
 But her voice unloosed their spell :
 " Mother, dear—I come to thee ! "
 Then over the threshold she fell !
 Gathering faces could see,
 Briefest and fleetingest
 Would the stay of the prodigal be !

Once more the motherly hands
 On her throbbing brow were pressed ;

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